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OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS AUGUST 26, 1950

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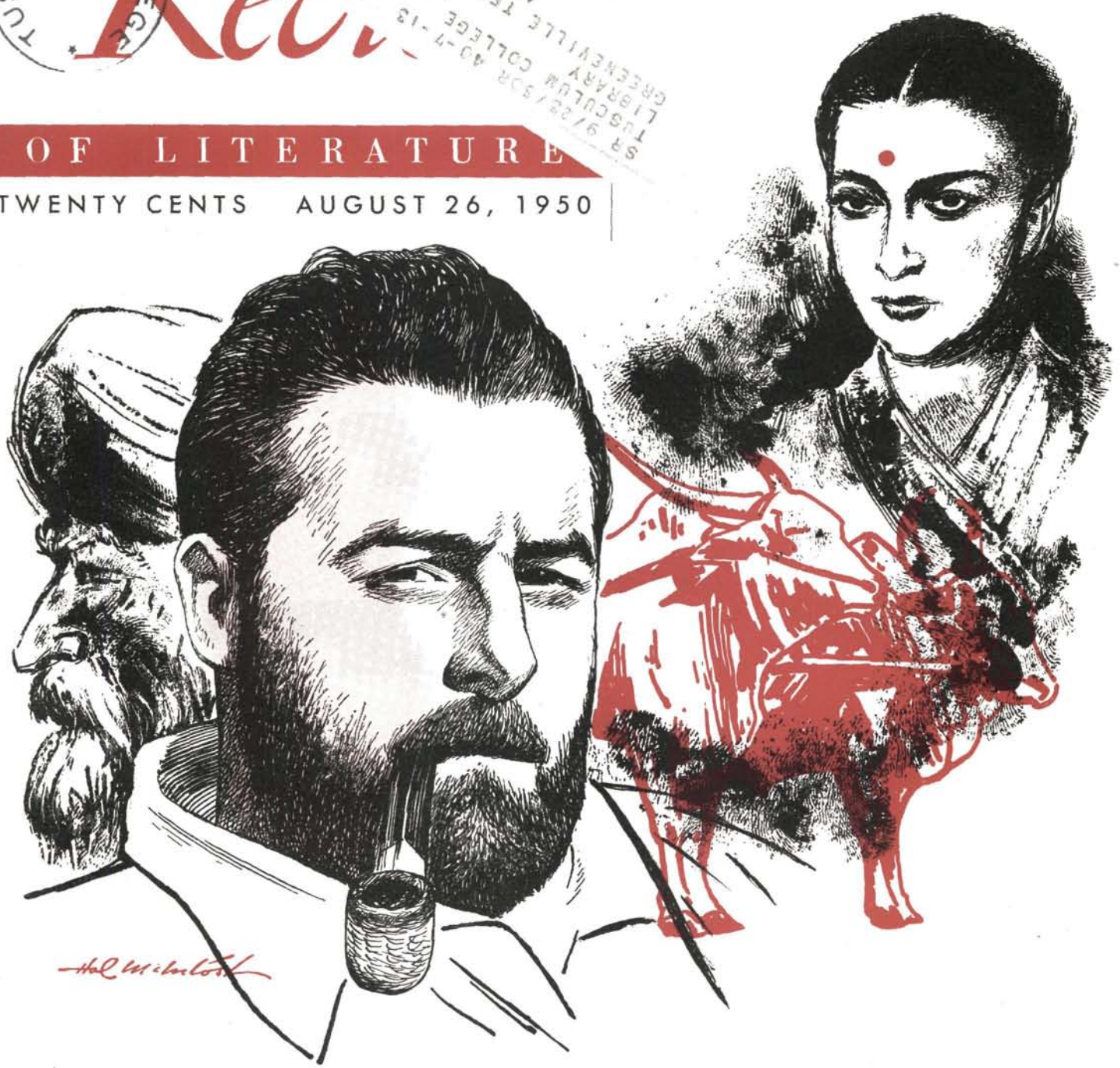
By EDWIN C. ALDRICH

(See Recordings Section—page 37)



John Frederick Muehl, author of "Interview with India." (See page 9)

TV: An Interim Summing-Up

By MILLARD C. FAUGHT

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Why more and more people are reading about Eleanor—*the most glamorous Frenchwoman of all time!*

TIME *says:* "The Queen's full story. A tale that the Queen herself might have gasped at if some trouvène had sung it to her court."

▶ ***And no wonder! First married to the King of France, then the wife of Henry II of England and mother of Richard the Lionhearted and John . . .***

THE NEW YORK TIMES *says:* "As a history of the violent, vigorous, brutal, treacherous, idealistic and generally spectacular twelfth century in Western Europe, her book is absorbing . . . I found every bit of it fascinating."—ORVILLE PRESCOTT

▶ ***And Eleanor was in the midst of it all! She went on the Second Crusade, she lived in the time of Héloise and Abélard, knew Thomas Becket, and she made the Courts of Love the fashion of her day.***

THE SATURDAY REVIEW *says:* "It flows along with surprising ease because of the careful planning, mature reflection, and a style of more than ordinary distinction. The result is an extraordinary picture of the political and social life of twelfth century Europe, at the upper level."

NEW YORKER *says:* "Makes even the best historical novel seem like pap."

Eleanor of Aquitaine AND THE Four Kings

BY AMY KELLY *Fourth Printing, $5.00* ***Harvard University Press***

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This Week

August 26, 1950

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

Features

Page

TV: An Interim Summing-Up
By Millard C. Faught..... 7

SRL Recordings for September.....37

Reviews

Interview with India
Reviewed by Louis Fischer..... 9

Russia and Western Man
Reviewed by Sidney Harcave.....10

This Is Germany
Reviewed by Hal Lehrman.....11

Collected Stories of William Faulkner
Reviewed by William Peden.....12

The Secret Game
Reviewed by Pamela Taylor.....13

The Quiet Light
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman....13

Owen Glen
Reviewed by Charles Lee 14

Grieg
Reviewed by Daniel Gregory Mason 15

Records: 1950 Edition
Reviewed by Philip L. Miller.....15

Primer of the Novel
Reviewed by James A. Michener....16

From Baudelaire to Surrealism
Reviewed by George Dillon.....17

Departments

Trade Winds
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

Literary Crypt 11

Editorial 18

Letters to the Editor.....20

Booked for Travel
By Horace Sutton.....24

Seeing Things
By John Mason Brown.....26

The Film Forum
By Cecile Starr.....28

Literary I.Q. 30

The Criminal Record.....33

Double-Crostic No. 857.....36

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"An imaginative and memorable book."
—Newsweek

THE SECRET GAME

by FRANÇOIS BOYER

"A Classic"

"*The Secret Game* would surely be an outstanding work in any season. It has the distinction and economy of a classic and it blends the macabre with the utterly realistic, shrewdly and with a masterly hand. It makes fascinating and unforgettable reading. I am putting it on my permanent shelf next to *High Wind in Jamaica*."—*Hudson Strode*

"Extremely Moving"

"Unforgettable and very nearly unbearable, this extraordinary fragment has all the intense realism, all the subtle selection of memorable detail which distinguishes the best of the French films. . . . *The Secret Game* . . . is imaginative, sensitive, and extremely moving."—*Saturday Review of Literature*

"Overpowering"

"M. Boyer . . . creates an atmosphere of overpowering pity and anger."—*New Yorker*

"A Timeless Book"

"*The Secret Game* is a timely book, because it is about the effect of war on human beings. It is a timeless book, because it goes deep into the mysterious world of childhood. It is an informing book, because it shows us what life was like in France when a totalitarian power overran the country. It is an understanding book, because it gives the grown-ups in the story their due—just barely, but still their due."—*New York Times*

"Powerful"

"Author Boyer has hit upon a powerful idea for suggesting the havoc that war can leave in children's minds."—*Time*

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HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

• • In New York, Appleton-Century-Crofts marked the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding with an anthology called "Fruit Among the Leaves," selected from its publications by Samuel C. Chew, who has also written a brief history of the organization. What a galaxy of authors is represented! Henry James, Edith Wharton, George Moore, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Joel Chandler Harris, William Dean Howells, Stephen Crane, Alice Hegan Rice, Jack London, F. Marion Crawford, Hall Caine, Donn Byrne—all these and hundreds more were published at one time or another by this one firm! In 1897 Appleton sponsored a novel that had been rejected by a dozen other houses: "David Harum." In the next thirty years it had sold 1,190,774 copies. In 1911 came Robert W. Chambers's "The Common Law"; in 1917, David Graham Phillips's "Susan Lenox"; in 1920, Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett"; in 1924, André Maurois' "Ariel." Appleton also published the later novels of Harold Bell Wright and the famous books for boys by Ralph Henry Barbour. Its medical department is one of the largest in the country. With all that, the financial history of Appleton's before its consolidation with Century and Crofts reveals anything but smooth sailing. Mr. Chew tells the triumphs and the vicissitudes with equal sincerity and warmth.

• • In Hollywood, Raymond Chandler signed to write the scenario for an Alfred Hitchcock production called "Strangers on the Train." On paper this sounds like the richest treat for whodunit fans in many a day.

• • In the New York Public Library, a scout from the Columbia University Press discovered a book in urgent need of rebinding. Its title: "Modern Bookbinding," by A. J. Vaughan.

• • In Rutgers, venerable typographer Tony Wimpfheimer, the Grabhorn of the Raritan, preparing to labor on the writings of Lincoln for the University Press and a limited edition of a Clifton Fadiman story for the Hunterdon Press, fortified himself by committing matrimony.

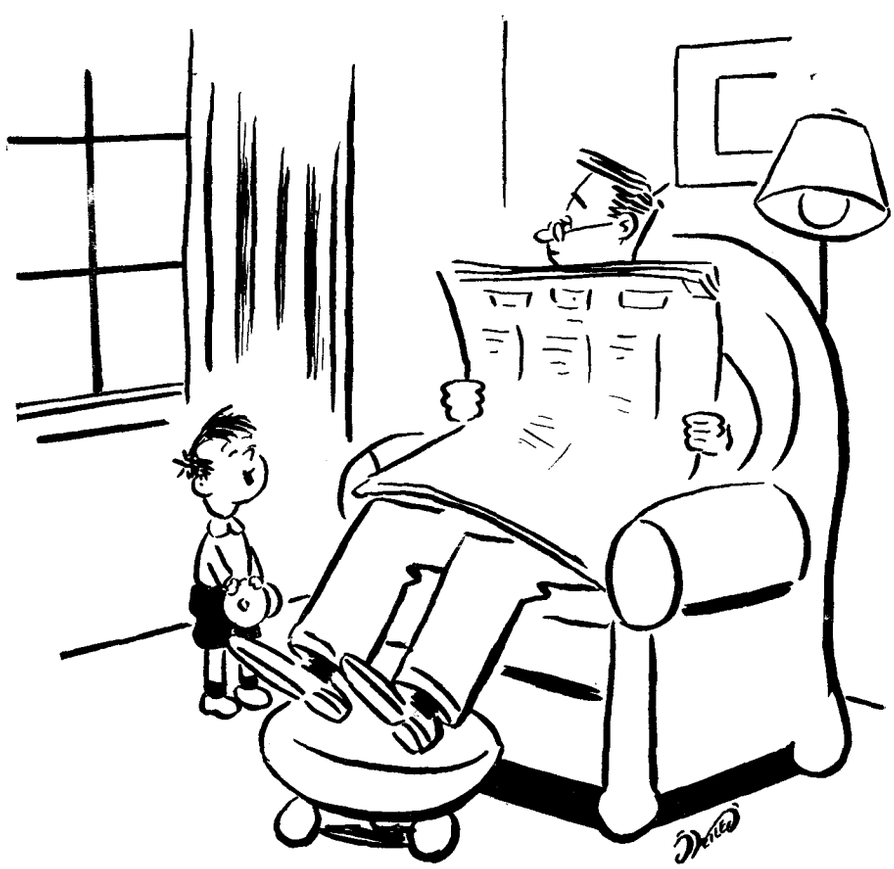
• • In Marcus, Iowa, writes Margaret Pharr, there's a concern called Niemann Jewelry. Dallas papers please copy.

• • In London, the Book Society, celebrating its twenty-first birthday, exhibited a prized communication from the late Queen Marie of Rumania. The club conducts periodic member-get-a-member campaigns, with free books for every enrollment secured—a device used effectively by book clubs in America, too. Queen Marie responded to an early one: "Please send your literature to the following: King George of Greece, Princess Marie of Yugoslavia, and Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. If any of them take out membership, I'd like a copy of Evelyn Waugh's 'Vile Bodies.' "

• • In the Doubleday Bookshop on Fifth Avenue, a customer sought to charge a ten-dollar purchase and was asked for a reference. The credentials she produced were deemed satisfactory. Her last two novels had been selections of the Doubleday Dollar Book Club.

• • In San Francisco, bookseller Malcolm MacNeil hired a bagpiper to skirl in front of his shop, and claims he attracted droves of new customers. Or were they just masochists? (Masochism, according to George Oppenheimer, is what the old mammy said when she held her baby up to a politician on a good-will tour.) And speaking of George O., the ex-Viking sage recently celebrated his fiftieth birthday, which provoked the following sentiments (shared by me) from Charlie Lederer:

> Soldier, wit, poet, playwright—George Oppenheimer has packed into his fifty years enough activity to fill a book, which, as it happens, he was busy writing up to last Wednesday, when, unfortunately, he ran out of material.
>
> Perhaps a word about his personal appearance would be amiss. Tall, dark, unmuscled, George is deceptively pear-shaped.
>
> But, ah, the magic he weaves with his pencil. The fact that Georgie is not at present the richest, most praised and honored artist in his craft confirms my general philosophy of humankind, a philosophy which can best be explained by an eight-column headline I read recently in the *Los Angeles Times*. It said "Stroble Found Sane; Must Die."
>
> It's a proud feeling to be able to say that I have a friend with the best heart in the world, a friend who has never done a mean thing, nor ever failed to do a considerate or loving one. In his fifty years George



"Wanna know what you said 'uh-huh' to?"

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has acquired a regrettably rare bit of knowledge—how to be loyal, gracious, a generous friend.

God bless him for it. God bless him for counting me among his friends. And, incidentally, God bless him for learning Canasta. . . .

• • In New York, Farrar, Straus, convinced that it's the little things that count, cut down the title of Carlo Levi's new novel from "The Clock" to "The Watch." The Italian title, "Orologio," can be translated either way. It is a story of postwar Rome, said to excel even the author's earlier "Christ Stopped at Eboli."

• • In Cap Ferrat, France, W. Somerset Maugham turned down a literary journal's request for permission to reprint his new essay on "Cakes and Ale," but when a second appeal, couched in more urgent terms, was dispatched to him, he relented. His consent was phrased as follows: "Do you remember what the great Duke of Wellington said to the lady who threatened to publish his letters unless he bought her off? 'Publish and be damned,' he said, and that, roughly, is what I say to you."

• • In Tinicum, Pennsylvania, James ("South Pacific") Michener granted authoress Mary Busy's request for a letter of introduction to Macmillan's. Some time later she wrote him: "I have definite proof that your note of introduction stood me in good stead. Macmillan now rejects my manuscripts on a much finer grade of stationery."

• • In Boston, Anne Ford resigned from Little, Brown to become director of publicity for Harcourt, Brace.

• • In Washington, prankster Paul Pearlman, bookseller to the loyal sons and daughters of George Washington University, wrote a facetious note to G. & C. Merriam suggesting that what with the current demand for low-priced, paper-backed books, a new edition of their unabridged 3,200-page dictionary, bound in paper, might be a good idea. Back came a sober note from Merriam's trade sales manager, Gordon J. Gallan, which read, "Thanks for your suggestion, but, as you undoubtedly realize, it would be impractical, as the cover protects the pages of the book."

• • In San Quentin, a prisoner sentenced to twenty years hopefully sent an order to Simon & Schuster for two copies of "This Way Out." In Janesville, Wisconsin, a disillusioned reader sought a copy of Stekel's "Futility in Marriage." And in Richmond, Virginia, writes Mrs. Charles T. Rose, a bookshop displays Christopher Fry's the "Lady's Not for Burning" between Fannie Farmer's "Boston Cooking-School Cook Book" and "Cooking for Company."

• • In one of the larger publishing houses, a nearsighted editor is being consoled for a valiant but futile effort to pass his eye test for a commission in the Air Force. The doctor asked him to remove his glasses and then tell him everything he saw in the room. Prepared for the question, the editor answered glibly, "On your desk across the room you have copies of "The Oxford Companion to American Literature," "The Greatest Story Ever Told," and "The Cardinal." That letter framed on the opposite wall is one of thanks for an operation you performed on the King of Siam. And, oh yes, here's a cat walking toward me with only one eye." The doctor sighed and said, "Good try, son, but I'm sorry. That cat is walking away from you!"

• • In Manhattan, a Port Authority Commissioner revealed that the name reserved by the police for children born in houses of shame is brothel sprouts.

• • In London, a gentleman with a pretty wit and superior style, who hides behind the initials "O.P.," has been prevailed upon to turn out a column about authors and publishers for *The Bookseller*, official organ of the British literary world. All he needs to do, his editors assured him, is "keep an ear to the ground, fly a kite, sharpen a pen against such deflatable balloons as may come into view, and keep a foot in both camps." It is taken for granted, in addition, that he will be generally amusing, avoid libel, and try not to antagonize more than one influential advertiser an issue.

I once knew a fellow who tackled a similar problem in America, and you should see where it's gotten him!

—Bennett Cerf.

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THERE have been some very eloquent words in The Saturday Review of Literature recently on the subject of our world in that year of potential grace, 1960. Norman Cousins has projected our current sins of omission and commission to their logical excesses; he has given us, as well, a glimpse of the road to hard won peace.

Norbert Wiener, because he is one of the world's greatest mathematicians, lives today in the laboratory world of 1960. But because he is also a philosopher of science, he has been moved to write a passionate and challenging plea for the preservation of human dignity. He discloses the scientist's world of the present future so that the layman may look ahead with him. His is a world of thinking machines, of the new industrial revolution, of a wonderland of daily life, with all its attendant peril. For behind each isolated fact, Dr. Wiener sees a pattern. It is his definition of the terms of our choice that makes this extraordinary book.

"I have spoken of machines, but not only of machines having brains of brass and thews of iron. When human atoms are knit into an organization in which they are used, not in their full right as responsible human beings, but as cogs and levers and rods, it matters little that their raw material is flesh and blood. *What is used as an element in a machine, is an element in the machine.* Whether we entrust our decisions to machines of metal, or to those machines of flesh and blood which are bureaus and vast laboratories and armies and corporations, we shall never receive the right answers to our questions unless we ask the right questions. The *Monkey's Paw* of skin and bone is quite as deadly as anything cast out of steel and iron.

"The hour is very late, and the choice of good and evil knocks at our door."

The Human Use of Human Beings

BY NORBERT WIENER

At all bookstores $3.00 Houghton Mifflin Company

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The Saturday Review of Literature

TV: An Interim Summing-Up

MILLARD C. FAUGHT

"THE BIG problem with television," complained one of its observers, "is that it's hard to lie about it fast enough to keep up with the truth."

Part of this difficulty stems no doubt from that awesome characteristic of television which its enthusiasts describe with their now favorite word —impact. They will tell you that because you can see as well as hear television it has from three to ten times the impact on your senses as does radio, which can get at you only through your ears.

But aside from what television may do to you, there is no longer a shred of doubt that television has hit society with a force that would justify the strong word impact. It may be a reflection on our sense of values, but the sundered atom is far behind the television tube as the greatest new technological influence on the daily lives of millions of Americans.

Architects are already redesigning houses so as to make the living rooms more like "theatres" than parlors; fireplaces are losing out to give their preferred position to the TV set; the office swivel chair is being adapted for home use so that viewers can easily swerve back and forth between watching the screen and keeping an eye on the kids or an ear cocked to whatever conversation is able to survive TV's competition. There have been several invidious suggestions for printing the evening news on transparent paper or else in luminous ink so that a modicum of reading could still be done without interfering with the watching of television.

TV portables are not yet available, and the police take a dim view of television sets in cars. (Just to make sure, some states are drafting laws against such "traffic hazards.") Even so, the TV screen is already pursuing man outside his living room. A California bus has been experimentally equipped with television, and so has a transcontinental airliner. Both these tests were pronounced "successful."

A New York laundry complains that stay-at-home TV owners are dirtying up 40 per cent fewer dress shirts, but an enterprising department store in the same area is now featuring special clothing as the "right wardrobe" to wear while watching video.

The small fry in TV homes have already decided that the only fitting clothes to wear in the television age is a cowboy suit and in the past year have cajoled their parents into buying some $200,000,000 worth of boots, hats, pants, guns, and other gear as specified by their favorite TV horse-opera heroes. Latest thing for children's rooms is Hopalong Cassidy wallpaper.

Here are some other developments in TV that make it hard to keep up with the truth about this burgeoning phenomenon. Over two billion dollars have been invested in television by business and the public since V-J Day. A California bank estimates that we have recently been buying $40 worth of television for every $100 worth of new automobiles.

In the first six months of 1950 upward of 3,000,000 sets were sold at an average price plus installation costs of over $300 each. An estimated six out of ten sets are currently being sold on credit, with the poor crowding the rich away from the counters. It is already a significant issue in some cities as to whether a family should be dropped from the relief rolls for buying a television set.

NORMALLY the big season for television sets, as it has always been for the sale of radios, mounts during the fall to a Christmas crescendo. This year, due to the war scare set off by events in Korea, the "Christmas rush" on television sets began in July and has already forced many manufacturers to start distributing their sets on allocation. Even so, such has been the mushrooming growth of TV-set production capacity that the industry may still come close to its

Many a television fan "liked his own mental radio villains and heroines better."

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1950 goal of around 8,000,000 sets. Current best guesses about the worst prospects are that military needs will not curtail TV production more than 25 per cent. There is no blinking the fact, however, that one more Korea could easily shut the luxury TV industry down overnight.

But in spite of the hot-cake sales records in receiving sets no new television stations have been authorized for over a year. How this situation developed is itself revealing. It can easily cost over a million dollars to get a television station on the air, yet the postwar rush for licenses in the present twelve inadequate channels was so great that the Federal Communications Commission, which regulates such matters, had to call a halt and freeze the permits for new stations as of September 1948. By August 1950 107 TV stations were on the air.

The reasons for this freeze may affect the decision as to when your hometown will get a television station, or another television station if you already have one or more nearby. Here is the problem.

A television signal is a roadhog on the airwaves in the sense that it requires a piece of the radio spectrum six megacycles wide. This is 600 times the width of the electronic path required by a radio signal. Moreover, television signals interfere with one another so badly that two stations on the same channel were first placed at least 100 miles apart. Even this proved much too close and the safe distance is still in dispute.

IT IS at least clear that there is far too little room for television in the VHF (very high frequency) band where the 107 existing stations are located. Therefore the FCC is looking around in the UHF (ultra-high-frequency) band for enough space for TV's future growth. No new TV stations will be authorized until this allocation problem has been settled, and the war situation has served only to unsettle it still further.

Even when the new television frontier has been unfrozen another problem will arise, because most present receiving sets will not pick up new stations on the future high band. Old sets will require converters and new sets will have to be equipped with two bands so as to receive current stations plus the new high-band stations.

But that's still not all the pains in the Commission's television neck—or in yours as a set owner. Color has to be added—and if possible added in such a way as to be receivable on present low-band sets as well as on future high-band sets. In the midst of this dilemma it has been no comfort to the Commission to have listened for eight solid months to a violent argument among advocates of three different kinds of color television! The official hearings have been closed, but the arguments over what to do about color television grow steadily more lurid.

Biblical Job with his patience and Solomon in his wisdom would perhaps make excellent consultants to the FCC in settling these celestial problems of television; but in their absence—and even with Mars muttering on the sidelines—the Commission still has hopes of coming to final decisions and unfreezing television station growth by the end of 1950. Set makers and dealers are praying this will happen in time so that, even in the face of war-pressured rising prices and a threatened 10 per cent excise tax, they can cash in on the bonanza of television Christmas presents. Santa Claus probably hopes the freeze will stay frozen.

—*Photos by NBC.*

"Nothing wrong with programming that money couldn't cure."

In any case, the public can contribute little but the pressure of popular impatience toward the removal of these technical roadblocks in TV's path. Meantime they at least have available the safety valve offered by the opportunity to kibitz television's early attempts to solve a wholly different set of problems in the field of programming. But even that opportunity is open only to about a third of the population which now has some reasonable access to their own or a neighbor's set. Just the same, with 107 stations on the air and with thirty to seventy hours of programming per week, either network or local, we at least have enough of a sample of this new and wondrous phenomenon to examine—and plenty of questions to ask about it.

Surprisingly, one of the most rewarding of these questions is "What is television?" New as it is, a lot of things are already being taken for granted about this revolutionary thing.

Among many people who have moved into telecasting from radio broadcasting the easy assumption has gone along that television is simply "radio that you can see." But efforts to simulcast a program on radio and television at the same time have quickly shown that this is far from the whole truth.

The full answer to the innocent question "What is television?" seems to be that it is radio plus motion pictures plus the legitimate theatre plus spectator sports plus a large measure of something new in the entertainment and communication arts which can best be described as giving the viewer a feeling of being there in the flesh.

As one housewife put it, "Turning on the television set is just like inviting the entertainers and other people on the programs right into my living room . . . some of them are welcome but some others have already worn their welcome out." Welcome or not, these new visual guests are demanding—and receiving—millions of family hours of attention daily that were formerly devoted to reading, visiting, movie-going, and to the consuming of a long list of leisure-time goods that must now compete with this new monopolist of people's attention and money. Television is even upsetting the established patterns of courtship and the marketing of beer.

All of which is simply corroboration of television's enormous impact, but it is also strong evidence that in television we have a social or cultural

(*Continued on page 29*)

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The World. *It is a time-honored practice of critics of fiction to watch the horizon for the appearance of promising new talents so that the tom-toms may be roundly thumped. In other fields the vigil is, unhappily, less keen-eyed, and many a writer of exceptional ability has had to write several books before receiving as wide a recognition as he deserves. Young John Frederick Muehl not only displays great promise as a literary artist but delivers a solid performance as a social historian and reporter in "Interview with India," which Louis Fischer reviews below. Two other of the world's numerous trouble spots are treated in "This Is Germany," a compilation of journalists' appraisals (preponderantly critical) edited by Arthur Settel, and in Walter Schubart's "Russia and Western Man," a curious mixture of Germanic-Russian philosophizing.*

Journey Through Misery

INTERVIEW WITH INDIA. By John Frederick Muehl. New York: The John Day Co. 310 *pp.* $3.50.

By Louis Fischer

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS never got there, but Americans have finally discovered India. What Prime Minister Nehru says, how his delegate votes in the UN Security Council, has suddenly become very important to the West. For India could be the anchor of Asian democracy or a dead weight dragging the huge continent deeper into the abyss.

But the real India seldom comes into our field of vision. Our curiosity seeks to penetrate the uncertainties of the Indian Government; our interest centers on New Delhi, still an island of palaces, cars, and good meals cut off from the hungry mainland. "India lives in her villages, not in her cities," wrote Mahatma Gandhi.

It is this India that John Frederick Muehl has tried to interview. That he survived it is a miracle. For six months, in 1948, he crisscrossed the countryside on horse, camel, bullock, cart, foot, and boat, never feeding up or washing up in a city, covering 2,300 miles, traversing deserts where his body blistered, jungles where backward tribes, cobras, tigers, and elephants live, living always in peasant huts, eating village food, and mingling with the vermin, disease, and misery which are the permanent companions of the Indian peasant. He contracted illnesses, lost much weight, grew somewhat hysterical, and in the end collapsed and was rushed to a clean urban hospital.

Mr. Muehl sure can write. You don't skip a word; even the most sordid conditions are exquisitely portrayed so that you enjoy the style while the contents turn your stomach.

He came out of India a bitter, angry man. "I was sick to death," he says, "of those who prate of 'the glorious traditions of India'. . . . Even in the so-called golden ages there was less political freedom than in Nazi Germany." At times he felt that India's problems could never be solved. Perhaps progress had stopped. But in the end he decided that "with India, as with the rest of the world, the worst, and the best, are still ahead."

This enigmatic, desperate conclusion is the distillation of a blackening experience. Mr. Muehl had seen privation on the world's vastest scale. Not only that: except in a few tiny areas where the Communists exercise effective though unofficial control as a result of hard work and cruel personal terror, he found the villagers prostrate under the intimate yoke of the feudal landlord, the usurious money lender, and the decadent Brahmin. These to the peasant are the rulers of India; Nehru is a vague, distant name. Independence, Muehl thinks, brought the people no benefits.

It is easy enough to accuse Muehl of distorting the picture. A new generation of bright-eyed, healthy youngsters is studying in the schools of India; women are beginning to use their new rights; idealists in the Congress and Socialist parties, and outside them too, are striving to ameliorate admittedly intolerable conditions. Yet if Indian intellectuals, politicians, and leaders spent six months, as Mr. Muehl did, in contact with the truth which is India, it might do them and the country a lot of good. Perhaps he exaggerates; perhaps his perspective is awry. But who am I to say so? I have never had the energy and courage to submit to the tortures he endured during his trip. I know of no foreigners and few prominent Indi-

THE AUTHOR: John Frederick Muehl would seem to be a prime example of karma, defined in his book's glossary as "the system of duty, causality, and retribution elaborated in Hindu scripture" and in the dictionary, "destiny as determined by previous acts." A conscientious objector, he enlisted in the American Field Service (attached to the British Army). Acutely aware of India's starving—while on duty there, 1943-44—he poured his indignation into "Famine Is Like This" (*Asia and the Americas,* Jan. '46), "American Sahib" (John Day, 1946), and the present book. He is hailed by his publishers as "one of the three best nonfiction writers we ever had" and "a born fiction writer"—although he has still to write any fiction. He is now "doing practice pieces" in that form and planning a novel very soon, while teaching creative writing at Ann Arbor—though he had "never thought of making writing a career"! The girl he left behind at Royal Oak High School, Mich., when he entered the Univ. of Mich. in 1940 (A.B. '45) went along, as his bride, on the return trip to India. She "loved the people," as he had, and now they are eager to go back but think they "had better stay put for a while and raise a family." They have made a start in that direction, a ten-month-old daughter "born in the process of the book." In America Mr. Muehl, at twenty-eight, wears a mustache, but no beard; that was strictly for India and from necessity—"because of the danger of infection it is quite dangerous to shave when traveling around the country." He has the stocky build of the swimmer and tennis player he is, the handsomeness of the sculptor's model he once was while earning his passage through college (he waited on table and painted houses, too), and the mental discipline of the quondam debater and editor of the campus philosophical and ethical-thought magazine *Controversy.* He comes from a family strong on conviction: his father, after years as a Ford production engineer, broke with them over anti-labor policies; his brother is a Yale divinity student.—F. P. H.

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an officials or journalists who have.

It was inevitable, after his trek through the region of sub-human living standards, that Mr. Muehl might be misled by mirages; even a camel in the desert sometimes runs toward nonexistent water. At the close of his journey through misery Muehl gravitated to the district manipulated by the Communists. He was not taken in completely; he understood the sly tactics which helped them seize control. But they were a "state" and they had a "well-trained peasant militia." Inside this "state" the villagers "seemed happy and satisfied without exception." The Communists favored seizure of estates and murder of the owners.

Thus Mr. Muehl saw in the microcosm of a South-Indian country the reflection of a problem which is as big as Asia and which, therefore, involves the future of a billion and a quarter human beings. The problem, in its simplest terms, is: Can and will the governments and the ruling classes and castes allow the mass to rise out of its present animal existence? Nehru's heart is closer to the suffering peasant than to the exploiting landowner. But can Nehru, as head of the Government, do anything in the face of status quo opposition? And if the Prime Minister is helpless how can the United States help his Government carry out a land reform?

Given the wish and the funds, it is relatively easy to aid Europe. But how assist Asia? How save it as it moves toward the tobogĝan that drops down into the pit of totalitarian poverty and slavery? This was not Mr. Muehl's subject. But it *is* Mr. Truman's and Mr. Acheson's and Philip Jessup's headache. They must not imagine that Prime Minister Nehru is their antagonist. He is a captive. And such is his tragedy that he can stretch out no hand to a foreigner; he must boast of not asking for assistance. The situation requires statesmanship of an unprecedented and hitherto-undisplayed quality. Nor can the difficulty be resolved merely by government - to - government actions. Asians doubt our friendliness. They believe we harbor color prejudices against them. They think we are too rich to feel for the poor and too powerful to be safe associates. Good persons everywhere and socially-minded foundations and educational institutions should enlist in this battle for the heart and mind of suspicious Asia. On the outcome of that battle may rest the fate of man.

Louis Fischer has made three trips to India. His latest book, "The Life of Mahatma Gandhi" will be published by Harper on September 6.

Succession of Aeonic Prototypes

RUSSIA AND WESTERN MAN. By Walter Schubart. Translated by Amethé von Zeppelin. New York: Frederick Ungar. 300 *pp.* $3.75.

By Sidney Harcave

AT THIS hour in history, when the alarms proclaim that the final conflict between East and West is ominously near, one could ask for no more provocative reading material than that contained in Walter Schubart's "Russia and Western Man." However, the author cannot be suspected of attempting to draw gold from today's headlines, for his book was first published, in German, twelve years ago and now appears in English for the first time, after translation into many other languages.

Schubart's work is in the tradition of the philosophical history of Hegel, Spengler, Toynbee, and Berdyaev, a tradition which seeks pattern in the past and in the future. And, in the same tradition, the author replaces the definitions, terminology, and conclusions of his predecessors with his own. In his reasoning the ages of man are explained by the Law of the Succession of Aeonic Prototypes, a law for which he does not propose any rational explanation. The basic postulates of the law are that the ages of man correspond to certain prototypes—the harmonious, the ascetic, the heroic, and the messianic—and that a particular age is dominated by those people whose fundamental characteristics correspond most closely to those of the prototype which is destined to dominate that age.

We are now, says the author, in the last stages of the Promethean Age, a heroic age, which derives from the disruption of Christian unity by the Reformation and from the birth of capitalism. It is an age characterized by godlessness, avarice, lust for power, and individualism; and it is dominated by the peoples most representative of those attributes—the Anglo-Saxons and the Prussians. This age is now in the process of destroying itself by its own technology, which makes each war more and more devastating. But a new age is already in the making, that of the messianic prototype, an age of Christian spirituality and universal brotherhood. It will be dominated by the Slavs, particularly the Russians.

The Russians, the author is convinced, belong to the messianic type of man who "looks upon himself as the earthly representative of a divine order of things that is manifested in himself" and who "wishes to project his inner harmony on the world outside." Bolshevism, according to his interpretation, is the negation of the Russian national character since it attempts to Westernize Russia. Yet, though Bolshevism is alien to Russia—at least perverting in its effect upon what is essentially Russian—it is not without merit; it is refining the Russian soul by removing from it the sources of its weakness: lack of discipline and lack of practicality. However, Bolshevism cannot last in Russia because it attempts to impose the heroic spirit on a messianic people. Even now, says Schubart (speaking as of 1938), Russia is conquering Bolshevism; a revival of the sense of nationalism, a reassertion of the feeling of brotherhood and a revivification of religion are evidences of that fact.

As the argument proceeds it is pointed out that, while Russia is finding herself, Western Europe also is slowly turning from the vices of Promethean man to the virtues of the messianic, turning once more toward religion and rediscovering the "eternal values and truths." Western man is thus unwittingly preparing himself to accept the inevitable, the "collapse of Western culture." In the next age man will find salvation by accepting a synthesis of what is best in Russia and what is best in the West. To effect that synthesis, Russia "must learn to recognize and honor the earth," and the West "must learn to look heavenward." Then the order of universality and Christian brotherhood will emerge. That does not mean, according to Schubart, "that Europe must become a part of Russia or that Russia become a part of Russia or that Russia must sell herself to the West." (How all this *will* come to pass deponent sayeth not.)

"Russia and Western Man" is probably more informative about its author than about the future. A Baltic Protestant German professor of sociology and philosophy who married a Russian and entered the Russian Orthodox Church, Schubart combines in himself the methods of the German philosopher and the spirit of the Russian religious thinker. His is the spirit of the Slavophiles,, who saw in Western Europe the signs of decadence and the hope of the future.

The type of historical analysis and

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prognosis presented here is more popular in Continental Europe than in the United States. We in this country usually find more agreeable the position taken by Thorstein Veblen: since it is the nature of the unseen forces to remain unseen, they cannot be properly discussed. One would like to know how Schubart himself would judge his work now, after his more recent contact with Russia. When last heard of, in June 1941, he was a citizen of Soviet Latvia. He is presumed, but not known, to live now in the Soviet Union.

"Russia and Western Man" possesses at least one great virtue: it gives one to think. The tendency to review the past as only the prelude of today and to picture the future as the projection of the present produces a warping of the historical scale and results in the loss of perspective. It is well to be reminded now and again that, important as the last decade was and as the next will be, they are only two decades in thousands. Because it forces one to a realization of the finite character of the present, many will find this twelve-year-old book more readable and stimulating than some of the later journalistic books on Russia, which too often are out of date even before their publication.

Sidney Harcave is a member of the staff of the Russian Research Center at Harvard University.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 375

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 375 will be found in the next issue.

OCOHMXE DECKNG XEY

PHF OCOHMXE EBNLFG

BK YQPERC.—

Z. T. SXEMBKN

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 374

The extinction of party is the origin of faction.

—HORACE WALPOLE

Damned If We Do, Damned If Don't

THIS IS GERMANY. By Arthur Settel. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 429 pp. $4.

By HAL LEHRMAN

THE NEXT time anyone tells you our press isn't free refer him confidently to this joint effort by twenty-one Anglo-American correspondents, many of them still stationed in Germany. Their book is edited by a top-level public-relations officer of the U. S. High Commission, with an introduction by none other than General Lucius D. Clay, ex-Military Governor. Yet the chief point the reporters make is that American and Allied policy in Germany, for one reason or another, has been a whopping failure.

Only one contributor — Lyford Moore, of the American Broadcasting Company—manages to generate real enthusiasm over any aspect of the West's past performance, in a fairly dithyrambic piece on Clay, "The Man in the Goldfish Bowl." (Some of Moore's colleagues are distinctly less hearty about the General.) And only one contributor—Denis Martin, of the *London Daily Herald*—permits himself more than a grain of optimism in discussing his particular subject, the "March of Millions" of displaced Germans. Even this is denied by the Overseas News Agency's Ernest Leiser, who considers the refugees "the gravest menace to the development of democracy in Western Germany today."

The other writers detect little to cheer about and less to hope for. Their pooled information, delivered with varying emphasis and foreboding in a string of essays on different phases of the Occupation, leaves the reader persuaded that the job in Germany has been botched almost beyond repair. It is no comfort that the Russians pitched in eagerly to insure the fiasco or that their record in Eastern Germany—as Landrum Bolling of ONA skilfully demonstrates—is at least as bad as ours. Since the authors handed in their copy late last year, moreover, the situation has grown steadily worse.

Richard Lowenthal (*London Observer*) proves that any Western attempt now to make Germany a military partner would rearm the rising German nationalism and disarm the almost invisible German democracy. John Anspacher and Russell Jones (both of the United Press) chart the morass of the war-guilt trials, denazification, decartelization, and democratization. David M. Nicholl

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Rock-a-bye Baby in the Tree Top."

(*Chicago Daily News*) and Joseph E. Evans (*Wall Street Journal*) differ on the virtues of "hard" vs. "soft" peace, indicating that both are calamitous. Dismantling, reparations, re-education, deindustrialization—and all the other programs which we either abandoned or never effectively started —are each held up for inspection and found wanting.

The shrewdest contribution, for this reviewer, is by Peter de Mendelssohn (*London Observer*). He shows how the double purposes of the original Occupation, pulling Germany's fangs at the same time the beast was being taught to be good, frustrated each other until they were nullified by the new purpose of stopping Communism —a necessity from which most of the resurgent German evils are being nourished. Other outstanding pieces are by James O'Donnell (*The Saturday Evening Post*), who anticipates the current Schumann-Monnet turn in Franco-German relations; by Theodore H. White (ONA) on Germany and her neighbors, and by Jack Raymond (*The New York Times*) on the life and labors of "Der Kleine Mann."

The product of many minds, chapters in "This Is Germany" tend to overlap and repeat themselves on tangential matters. Rather than use a pruning pencil, editor Arthur Settel has allowed each writer to tell his story independently of what precedes or follows. The result is short on symmetry but long on impact.

Hal Lehrman is the author of "Russia's Europe," based on his experiences as foreign correspondent there. Previously, he had been The Nation's *correspondent in East Europe.*

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Fiction. *Although the quality of the fictional fare offered by publishers as August wanes is traditionally low, at least three of the quartet of books reviewed here this week make valid claims for the attention of discriminating readers. The "Collected Stories of William Faulkner" is a representative sampling of the work of the greatest living American short-story writer. "Owen Glen," reviewed on page 14, is an interesting change of pace for one of our most esteemed tellers of tales. Forsaking at least temporarily the romance of rustling crinolines and smoking revolvers that made "The Strange Woman" and "House Divided" so popular, Ben Ames Williams essays a John L. Lewis-like portrait against a minutely detailed "Only Yesterday" background. A French writer new to readers in this country, François Boyer, brings the skill of an accomplished scenarist to a macabre and moving tale of children warped by the backwash of war in "The Secret Game."*

Sartoris, Snopes & Everyman

COLLECTED STORIES OF WILLIAM FAULKNER. New York: Random House. 900 *pp.* $4.75.

By William Peden

WILLIAM Faulkner is beginning to emerge rather clearly as the most considerable twentieth-century American writer of short fiction; the present volume is a publishing event of real significance. Because of its importance, because of the complete lack of information concerning its inclusiveness or data about the prior publications of the selections, and because of Mr. Faulkner's reticence concerning his work, a few facts may be of some value.

William Faulkner has published four volumes of short stories, all but the last of which are out of print. At least two of his novels might just as accurately be described as series of integrated short stories. He has published numerous magazine stories, many of which have never been reprinted. The "Collected Stories of William Faulkner" includes seventeen magazine stories, all but two pieces from "Dr. Martino and Other Stories," and all those from his first and best collection, "These 13." This volume, then, is hardly representative of Faulkner's total contribution to the literature of the short story. It does not include, for example, such excellent stories as "Spotted Horses" or "Raid" or "Smoke," all of which ultimately found their way into Faulkner's novels although originally published as short stories.

The best of Faulkner's stories are those connected directly or indirectly with the saga of Yoknapatawpha County. They include a wide variety of characters, aristocrats, poor whites, Negroes, and Indians; they embrace a time span of more than a century, the most important event of which was the defeat of the Confederacy. Yoknapatawpha's leading citizens, the Sartorises, Sutphens, and Compsons, fought gallantly in the War; their descendants were never able to forget it; some of its poor whites, like Abner Snopes, profited by it. The decay of a Sartoris-controlled world and the rise to importance of a Snopes is a basic theme with Faulkner, to be repeated again and again in stories like "A Rose for Emily" or "Wash." In the decay of this world, the War was a major precipitating agent, Faulkner suggests, rather than the ultimate cause. Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha is undermined as much or more by the ferretlike rapacity of its Snopeses and the failure of its Sartorises as by Yankee bullets or carpetbag occupation. The Sartorises, Faulkner comments, men who had galloped in the old days on fine horses across the fine plantations, were symbols of admiration and hope; they were instruments, too, of despair and grief.

"William Faulkner is first a Mississippian, second a Southerner."

Faulkner is first a Mississippian and second a Southerner; Yoknapatawpha has, of course, been frequently identified with Faulkner's own country and Oxford, its county seat. Yet Faulkner at his best is no more a sectionalist in any limited interpretation of the word than, say, Hawthorne. With Faulkner place and setting are basic structural elements, not a mere decorative device. Inescapable and all-pervading, place is a vital influence on the lives of his characters. Faulkner's heritage is as much a basic element in his art as was Hawthorne's. Yet his greatest achievements have been in his sure, penetrating, and frequently devastating comprehension of the universal, translated into fictional terms by means of the local and the specific: Sartoris and Snopes are two aspects of the emblem which is everyman.

Too much has been written concerning Faulkner's preoccupation with violence, decay, abnormality, and melodrama. It is true that many of Faulkner's best stories—"A Rose for Emily," "That Evening Sun," "Dry September," "Red Leaves," and "Barn Burning,"—are somber or tragic. Such works, however, do not indicate the author's variety of subject matter and mood. In stories like "Shingles for the Lord," "A Bear Hunt," or "Mule in the Yard" Faulkner displays a robust sense of humor, a combination of horseplay, shrewdness, and sheer trifling far removed from the world which one of his critics has called one of "manias of doom." Faulkner, too, has been criticized for his lack of compassion, his creation of a gallery of soulless individuals. Of the many glaring misconceptions of Faulkner's work, this is perhaps the most striking.

Concerning the hitherto unpublished pieces included here, the less said the better. With the exception of "A Courtship," which is as good as anything Faulkner ever wrote, a noteworthy addition to his series of Indian stories, most of the others serve only to illustrate the melancholy fact that even a very great writer can be very bad at times.

William Peden is associate professor of English at the University of Missouri and director of the Missouri Writers' Workshop.

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Child's Mad World

THE SECRET GAME. By François Boyer. Translated by Michael Legat. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 187 pp. $2.50

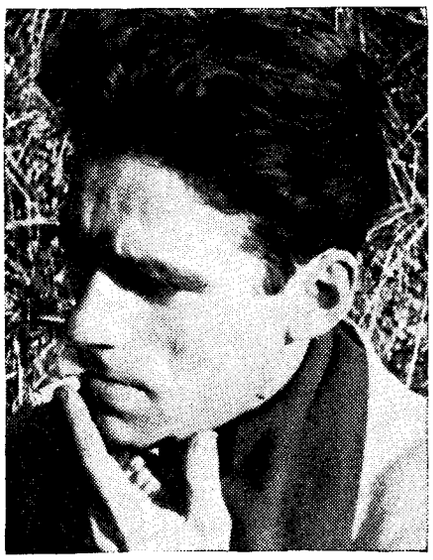
By Pamela Taylor

JUNE 1940. A pitiful, straggling column of refugees, pushed ahead by the advancing Germans, is moving slowly down a road in France. Now and then a plane swoops low overhead. The refugees throw themselves into the ditches or by the roadside. When the spatter of bullets has passed they get to their feet again and push convulsively on. But many lie where they have flung themselves. Nine-year-old Paulette, who has seen her mother die the day before, leaves the group when her father, too, is killed. Running away aimlessly over the fields she arrives in Saint-Faix just as the Dollé family are attempting to capture an emaciated gray horse who has unaccountably appeared in their midst. The terrified and restive horse tramples Georges, one of the older Dollé sons, in the excitement.

The youngest of the Dollés, Michel, accepts Paulette with the unquestioning confidence of a child. He persuades his family to let her sleep in the hayloft and to eat with them, and while the family is preoccupied in its brutish way with the dying Georges Paulette and Michel invent for themselves a curious, fanciful game. Not many miles away History is in the making but in the isolated hamlet of Saint-Faix life goes on in its usual way. It is not until Georges has died and been buried that the Dollés find what Michel and Paulette have been doing, and by that time Paulette has drifted away again over the fields.

In this haunting and terrifying first novel we have one answer to the question which must have eaten at the mind of every intelligent adult, and particularly of the parents of young children, in the comparatively safe parts of the world such as ours: "What happens to the thoughts, the imaginations, and the emotions of these children who have been submerged in the flood tide of war?" Into these depths only the hardy are willing to delve. With deft and terrible clarity François Boyer has mirrored the fantasy of a child whom events too horrifying to be accepted have set in full flight from reality. Her preoccupation is set for contrast against the brutish, callous absorption of the peasants with whom she stops briefly. Their patient acceptance of calamity, their concentration on food and work, their lives from which all sensibility is lacking, underscore the plight of the child whose sensibility has been murderously assaulted. Briefly and undoubtedly for the only time in his life, Michel is drawn from the animal existence of his family into a world of insane imagination.

Unforgettable and very nearly unbearable, this extraordinary fragment has all the intense realism, all the subtle selection of memorable detail which distinguishes the best of the French films. François Boyer, who has hitherto written scenarios for the cinema, seems to have brought to his new field the best to be gleaned from his earlier medium. "The Secret Game" (which, by the way, has been excellently translated) is imaginative, sensitive, and extremely moving. The reader can only hope that this gifted young writer will stay with his new medium, or at least divide his time between the films and the novel.



François Boyer — "deft and terrible clarity."

Louis de Wohl — "great thoughts and great deeds."

Thomas of Aquino

THE QUIET LIGHT. By Louis de Wohl. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 317 pp. $3.

By Ben Ray Redman

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, the angelic and universal doctor, would not seem at first glance the most promising of characters about whom to build a novel. His life was lived largely amid the mysteries of theology, the philosophical niceties of scholasticism, and the ardors of logical disputation. One would not think that the two great ends to which his powers were devoted—the synthesis of Christian faith and Aristotelian reason, and the correction and castigation of heresy—would furnish ideal substance for the novelist's art. The fact is that "The Quiet Light," undertaken by Mr. De Wohl at the suggestion of Pope Pius XII, does its bit towards proving that first impressions are sometimes right.

This tale of great thoughts and great deeds in the thirteenth century is pleasant enough to read, if one has time for superficial costume pieces; but, because of the nature of his medium and the character of his probable audience, the author can only skirt the arena of intellectual action in which his hero won immortality and sainthood. And what is Thomas of Aquino without his thought? Not himself, certainly; nor does he succeed in sustaining the role in which Mr. De Wohl has cast him—that of a novel's central character. Indeed, it is my impression that the author is most at ease during the long periods in which his difficult protagonist is off the stage.

Mr. De Wohl has done his best to make Thomas an active hero of a lively historical novel. He has, for example, made as much as possible of the conflict between Thomas and his noble family, resulting from the young man's determination to be a penniless Dominican rather than Abbot of Monte Cassino; and he has dramatized Thomas's journey to Anagni, where before an ecclesiastical court the great Dominican won a famous victory for the Friar-Preachers, to the discomfiture of Guillaume de St. Amour and his friends. But Mr. De Wohl's Thomas of Aquino suffers from and is defeated by the strong competition provided by other members of the novelist's cast.

First, there is that extraordinary eagle of the Hohenstaufens, Frederick II—Roman Emperor, King of Sicily, King of Jerusalem—who has been called the last of the medieval emperors and the first modern man, but

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who was known to his contemporaries as *Stupor Mundi*, the Wonder of the World. From his entrance in the first chapter until his death on page 226, when the book is two-thirds done, the brilliant figure of Frederick dominates "The Quiet Light," and the reader's interest is centered on Frederick's protracted, bitter conflict with the Papacy. It is true that once the Emperor has made his final exit Thomas is able to command far more of our interest than he has before, but I suspect that the principal motive that will keep the average reader turning the pages will be the desire to find out what finally happens to the love affair between Sir Piers Rudde and Thomas's sister, Theodora.

There is no point in combing a novel of this kind for possible historical errors or infidelities to the general character of the period in which the action takes place. But a few comments may be in order. One would not guess from reading "The Quiet Light" that Frederick was an enlightened lawgiver as well as an enemy of Rome, or that many mendicant monks revered him as a man determined to purge the Church of its impurities and restore the virtues of primitive Christianity. No more would a reader whose knowledge of Aquinas is limited to Mr. De Wohl's account of him realize that Thomas's doctrines were denounced by members of his own order, as well as by outside critics—with such good effect that his teachings were prescribed by both Paris and Oxford after his death, while Franciscans were forbidden to read his writings for at least half a century. It may be added that Theodora's attitude towards a marriage arranged by her family under imperial pressure is completely out of key with medieval theory and practice ("To the educated medieval man and woman," declares G. M. Trevelyan, "marriage was one relation of life, love another."), and that Piers's attitude towards his lady is in its perfect purity hardly typical of the operation of the medieval code. But to make even these comments is, perhaps, to take too seriously a novel that would be readily accepted and welcomed as enjoyable historical fiction—if it were not for the supposedly central character of St. Thomas Aquinas, challenging the author to do better than he has done; to do, perhaps, the impossible.

Life, Love & Death in Hardiston, O.

OWEN GLEN. By Ben Ames Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 629 pp. $3.75.

By Charles Lee

IT MAY not be tom-tomed as such, but Mr. Williams's spacious new book is actually an historical novel of American life in the Nineties. The scene is a small Ohio coal-mining town that boasts four schools, six blacksmith shops, ten churches, and fifteen saloons. The décor is a Victorian clutter of completeness, taking into account everything from fire-horses, celluloid collars, Sitting Bull, dime novels, and rolltop desks to eight-cent steaks, the Spanish-American War, William Jennings Bryan, monogrammed shaving mugs, and Bob Fitzsimmons.

This exhaustively nostalgic detail will make pedestrian going for some readers, but others, partial to the pace and face of a pre-atomic world, will find both a "Spoon River" fascination in Mr. Williams's sprawling portrait of Hardiston humanity at its best and worst and an "Only Yesterday" appeal in his proletarian pageantry of the times.

"Owen Glen" is a novel of growing up: the growing up of a boy into his manhood, the emergence of a labor union from back-alley cabals to public importance, and the development of a nation, amid economic distress and military adventuring, along the road to maturity. In the hands of a Feuchtwanger this subject would have been given a massive treatment, full of sweeping sonorities. Mr. Williams gives it the homey touch; he writes from the kitchen rather than the clouds.

Owen Glen, son of a Welsh miner, stands at the structural center of the story. Fortunately, BB Beecham and the *Hardiston Journal*, which he edits, stand nearby, for without their support, inelegant though their ponderous pillaring is at times, Owen would have brought about a caving in of interest that even Mr. Williams's veteran hand could not have shored. It is significant that it is Beecham we meet first.

One of the troubles with Owen is that, sober and earnest to a degree that might even have impressed Cotton Mather, he is a bore. He is quiet and generous; he works hard; he goes to his Bible and Shakespeare (there are hints along the way of John L. Lewis) with admirable devotion. But he is dull. For all his alleged brilliance, there is a bovinity about him that makes his growing pains (after the long American tradition of adolescent biography we are taken methodically with him as he experiences his first long trousers, shave, and kiss) a thing of anguish for the reader, too. His obtuseness in matters of sex, though he knows all about "bullish heifers" from childhood, and his wholly indefensible hatred of his finely drawn father will give the Freudian set a case of the jitters.

Beecham is not Atlas enough to support Mr. Williams's fictional world alone, but he has help from his fascinating country newspaper, which serves as a chronicle of and a chorus to events. BB (you must overlook the name along with most of the Evans and Evanses you meet in the first few pages) is a kind of rural Brisbane. He spouts editorials, knows a little about everything.

A born simplifier, a good—if overly sententious—talker, a firm believer in the progress of man (however painful his slips), BB is both mentor of Owen and mouthpiece for Mr. Williams's own views on the companionship of work, the imperative of individual integrity, and the valor, goodness, and dignity of humanity at large.

Between these two, Owen and BB, the boy growing into a new age and the man with roots firmly attached to the American past, Mr. Williams manages to give a large, though sluggish, movement to his book. Something of the motion of life itself is caught in his detailed unfolding of the lives, loves, and deaths of Hardiston's citizenry. He relates the town forward and backward in time, to the country's spiritual heritage as well as to the hour's headline.

Of course, all this is told against the narrative of Owen's own life, of his relationships with his parents, friends, co-workers in the mines, teachers, and heart interests. The mining passages are vividly done. Mr. Williams makes palpitant the intense cohesiveness of the men of the pits, gives reality to the perils shared in the gleaming glooms below ground, and, despite the wearying repetitiveness of the strike scenes, infuses life into his account of the early years of the United Mine Workers of America. Ever a lavish provider, Mr. Williams puts three women (besides his mother, also finely drawn) into Owen's life.

But in the end it is Hardiston that takes the stage from the players, humanity painfully struggling to emerge from its own pits of greed and war, a vision of mankind united by conscience. In the summing up, "Owen Glen" may some day be accounted Mr. Williams's finest book.

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Music. *When Claude Debussy said that Grieg's music gives us "the charming and bizarre sensation of eating a pink bon-bon stuffed with snow," he stamped a seal of critical disapproval that has endured for half a century. During Grieg's later years the men of the future would have none of him. "I despise pretty music," snarled Shaw when confronted with some trifle by the Norwegian musician. Today we are less disposed to fault a composer for writing engaging tunes. A new symposium on Grieg (reviewed below) shows signs that this splendid miniaturist is coming into critical grace. . . . Grieg is but one of some 350 composers represented in David Hall's new record book. His latest volume surveys the output of discs, foreign and domestic, since the beginning of 1948.*

Magical & Incomparable Lyrist

GRIEG: A Symposium. Edited by Gerald Abraham. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 164 pp. $3.

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

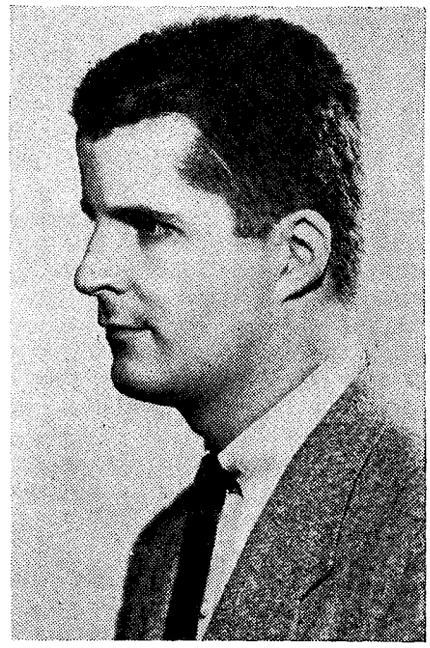
WELCOME is the appearance of a complete study of the work of one of the greatest of lyric composers, too long neglected—Edvard Grieg. It takes the form of a symposium in nine chapters, with preface by its editor, Gerald Abraham, bibliography, complete chronological list of works, and 104 musical examples. So thorough a study of Grieg is well deserved. Despite the obvious limitations of his orchestral and chamber-music works he is great in music, as Housman, for example, is in poetry, not by the scope and wide-ranging power of a Beethoven or a Milton but by the magical and unique beauty of brief piano pieces and incomparable songs.

As in all symposia, the chapters here vary widely in merit. Fairly interesting are studies of "The Orchestral Music," by Hubert Foss, "The Chamber Music," by Allan Frank, and "Choral Music," by Edmund Rubbra. More vivid is a brief introductory impression of "Grieg the Man," by Gerik Schjelderup; while adequate in their varying ways are the editor on "The Piano Concerto," John Horton on "Choral Music," and the two writers on Grieg's greatest achievements, Kathleen Dale on "The Piano Music" and Astra Desmond on "The Songs." John Horton sums up with an admirable essay on "Musical Personality and Style."

Mrs. Dale's critical penetration enables her to make clear that even in his one wholly successful long piece, the Ballade, to which she devotes three pages, Grieg's "artistic integrity . . . did not succumb to the blandishments of Lisztian virtuosity." Passages illustrating what Tovey has called "Liszt's glass-chandelier pianistics," as she points out, are "blessedly absent from his work." On the early short pieces she dwells discerningly and writes endearingly, showing how anyone who had studied the more ambitious efforts—even the Concerto—"might turn back to them to be refreshed by their youthful spontaneity and their morning-starriness."

Miss Desmond's interest, on the other hand, in the most important department of all Grieg's work, the inimitably lovely songs, seems to be less musical than musicological or literary, though she is often diverting and enlightening in her comments on such secondary matters, for instance, as translations of the texts. To that marvel of masterly concentration, "A Swan," for example, complete in thirty-one bars, she devotes an ambling pair of pages—73 and 83—of miscellaneous general comment. On the unforgettable music itself she makes only two comments—and those slight, however interesting: first, that the poignantly brief, final two-note cadence grew out of Ibsen's Norwegian disyllabic word "svane," and are but parodied by the German and English makeshifts "Schwan doch" and "swan thou"; second, that "Grieg liked the arpeggiando chords in the last six bars very much spread." She does, however, take up all the songs, including the seldom heard but charmingly fresh "Haugtussa" cycle.

The concluding essay, "Musical Personality and Style," by John Horton, is too various and rich even to attempt to characterize briefly here. Splendidly sound in substance, it is the best piece of writing in the book. To judge by his two present essays and by his recent masterly monograph on César Franck [*SRL* Apr. 1] Mr. Horton is evidently on his way to become one of the outstanding English writers on music.



David Hall—"a deal of thought."

Disc Data

RECORDS: 1950 EDITION. By David Hall. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 524 *pp.* $5.

By PHILIP L. MILLER

A LOT has happened in the record world during the last two years. Indeed, the whole picture has changed. For better or for worse, LP has come to stay, and Victor's 45-rpm disc shows no sign of bowing out, even though its sponsor has given in to the demand for 33's as well. How long the still-called "standard" 78-rpm record will remain on the market is anybody's guess; individuals as well as institutions are converting to equipment that will take care of at least two speeds. Mr. Hall, therefore, has not revised or rewritten his "Record Book," which gave pretty thorough coverage to an era now closed; rather he offers a survey of the more recent developments.

There has never been any question about the advantages of LP. We may have some reservations still as to its comparative quality (and I suppose arguments on this subject may be expected to continue for years to come), but the ear quickly adjusts itself to the aural equivalent of the new look, and the spirit rejoices in hearing at last unbroken music from records. Every prospect pleases until we look beyond the horizon. The major companies are busily making and remaking the standard repertoire (along with as much unfamiliar music as they think the traffic will bear), and a host of small producers have sprung up—a fact made possible by the development

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of tape recording, from which LP masters can be made at a fraction of former costs. But the menace of repetition becomes very real when we contemplate the opera and song recitals pouring out from so many recording singers, and the danger of overdoing the unfamiliar must strike anyone who considers the spate of early Haydn and Mozart symphonies now suddenly available. What can we look for in the future of these small companies when three of them, almost simultaneously, offer an all-but-unknown Beethoven Octet for wind instruments? Is there really a public for so much of this sort of thing, or will these companies simply eliminate themselves? Mr. Hall has given a great deal of thought to such questions as these, and his introductory section may be read with profit by all who are in the production game or would like to be.

As for the main section, in which the new recordings are listed and commented upon, it follows the general plan of the older book. There are, however, no biographical notes this time except in cases of composers not dealt with before. The style of the notes on the recordings has mellowed pleasantly, and I am glad to note that the editorial "we" has been dropped.

Quite aside from its primary purpose, there is lots of good advice and helpful discussion in this book. Advantages and pitfalls are pointed out along with readable if sometimes mildly technical background information on equipment, publications, manufacturers, and even dealers. And to Mr. Hall's remarks on the necessity for a central, all-inclusive archive of recordings, I can only say Amen.

Philip L. Miller, of the Music Division of the New York Library, is the record reviewer of The Library Journal. *He is a contributing editor to* American Record Guide.

Belles-Lettres. *The number of persons at large in this country with an active case of* cacoethes scribendi *has been estimated all the way from 100,000 to a million. To provide solace for these would-be writers, the publishers have been providing a record number of books of guidance and inspiration during the last year and a half. Yet the number which deserves a place on most writers' shelves is not large: Gorham Munson's "The Written Word," Paul R. Reynolds's "The Writing Trade," Helen Hull's "The Writer's Book," Norman Cousins's "Writing for Love or Money," Walter Allen's "The Writer on His Art." Now comes another, Vincent McHugh's "Primer of the Novel," reviewed below. . . . Marcel Raymond's "From Beaudelaire to Surrealism" is a philosophical exploration of French verse from Post-Romanticism to World War II.*

The ABC's of Fiction Writing

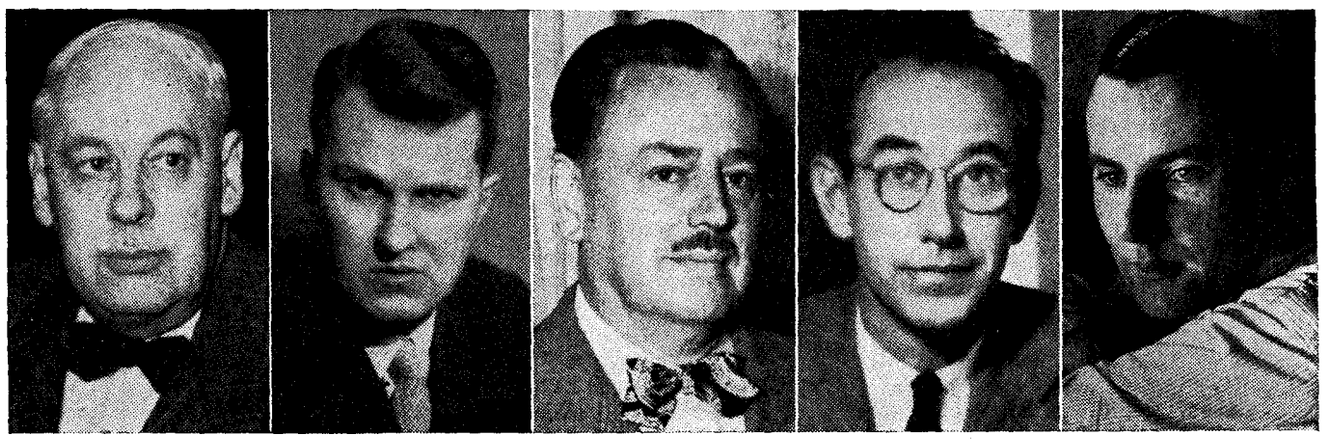
PRIMER OF THE NOVEL. By Vincent McHugh. New York: Random House. 308 pp. $2.50.

By James A. Michener

I HAVE recently had occasion to study some novels written by young writers in Europe—Romain Gary's overly praised "The Company of Men" is typical—and I was impressed by the fact that in America we have at least fifty young writers who surpass all but the best Europeans. I have been further impressed by the belief that our writers today are miles ahead of those practising in 1910-20 and comfortably ahead of the average writer of 1920-30, always excepting the titans like Dreiser, Hemingway, and Fitzgerald. In fact, we may have too many excellent young writers. They make the competition too tough, whereas a generation ago an artist like Algren, Capote, Buechner, Burns, or Stafford would have shone forth as an acknowledged genius. What accounts for this flourishing of talent?

Well, painting in Venice got nowhere until Squarcione set up a school where the principles of art were actually propounded. Drama in our country was pretty much juvenile bombast until George Pierce Baker established his workshop at Harvard. It would be uncritical to say that American novelists had accomplished nothing before the organization of writing courses, but it is legitimate to claim that much of our truly wonderful prodigality of talent is due to the work of gifted teachers like Gorham Munson, Allan Seager, Hudson Strode, and Hiram Haydn.

One of the most subtle teachers is the novelist and poet Vincent McHugh. Himself an exquisite stylist and perceptive psychologist, he has the gift of explaining artistic problems with oblique and recondite wit. He usually leaves the untalented novice bewildered. He always awakens the talented writer into a new and clean vision of what the novel might be. I once suffered the humiliation of following McHugh with certain students. The



—Charles Meyer. —D. D. Spellman. —Sherrill Schell.

"Our prodigality of talent is due to gifted teachers: Gorham Munson, Allan Seagar, Hudson Strode, Hiram Haydn, Vincent McHugh."

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lower the I.Q. of the student, the more limited his artistic promise, the more he appreciated what I had to say; but the young people whose talents I envied told me frankly that McHugh provided an intellectual cathartic that I simply did not carry in my bag of medicine.

I am delighted, therefore, to find that he has assembled his theories. The book is a ramshackle affair, at times consisting merely of brilliant apothegms culled from years of contemplation. Its organization is sometimes infuriating and its psychological abracadabra bewildering. But there is almost no page that does not scintillate with some brilliant observation.

The book is divided into three parts: definition of McHugh's highly technical jargon, which, when accepted, makes possible telegraphically succinct comment; the life history of an imaginary novel from conception to the author's binge after the job is done; alluring kitchen gossip about the novelist as a human being, including the astonishing news that "forty to fifty American writers earned from $80,000 to $100,000 in 1948" and that one hundred and eighty made more than $40,000!

But McHugh is not concerned with that aspect of success. What he wants is for novelists to write better. Even old hands should read his pages 169-198, where he presents a tediously mechanical scheme for designing a novel. He calls for outlines and more outlines, planning and more planning. He asks the question that perplexes most writers: Is writing a novel much different from inventing a new kind of ice box? He thinks not and preaches that anything which is a skill ought to be improved with diligent study and practice. He constantly adjures the novelist to learn the skills of his trade. But he does not say that anybody can learn to write.

Drawing repeatedly from Henry James (the self-conscious novelist), Gustave Flaubert (the artistic), and Honore Balzac (the inspired grinder-outer), McHugh explains the essential skills, but most of the best comment comes directly from him: "Once the key and tone have been struck and held long enough to *catch hold*, they will exercise their own compulsive resonance." "The events of a novel should fit the 'sense of the whole' as an egg fits its shell." "Extension and intension . . . taken together are the boldest marks of a great novelist."

This treatise will be enjoyed most by the novelist who has completed one book. He will know what McHugh is talking about. Certain passages will make him blush to think that McHugh has found him out. Others will encourage him to work at the grand design he has laid out for himself. But from every page he will learn.

How helpful the book will be to beginners I do not know. What could a beginner make of such comments: "Our adventitious dualism shows signs of becoming a dichotomy, and we must proceed to break it down a little." "*Disjunctive Process.* This might almost be defined as the opposite of 'syllogistic progression'. . . . Thus it violates an older kind of 'categorical expectancy' in favor of a newer one."

I should, however, like particularly to recommend this book to the general reader, for it will remind him of three truths we need to remember about novels: (1) It is very difficult to write a good one. (2) What seem to be chance artistic effects are usually the result of skilled trickery on the part of a conscious artist. (3) In America today if "we are looking for free speech at its freest, we must usually go to the book publisher." McHugh knows that the truly free mind today most often belongs to the artist and he shows how only such an untrammeled mind, ranging over all of human experience, has much chance of creating a good book.

James A. Michener won a Pulitzer Prize in fiction for his "Tales of the South Pacific," from which, of course, stems the fabulous "South Pacific."

A Guide to Modern French Poetry

FROM BAUDELAIRE TO SURREALISM. By Marcel Raymond. New York: Wittenborn, Schultz, Inc. 428 pp. Cloth $5. Paper $3.75.

By George Dillon

WHOEVER would explore modern French poetry without a guide must be equipped with patience and fortitude and with a remarkably high tolerance for the verb *frémir*. Marcel Raymond is the guide we have needed. It is true that he has some tender words for the generations of salon poets: "Those who bear all the burden of an esthetic doctrine, those who live by it and die by it, are the well-intentioned disciples, the docile arrangers of clichés." But they do not live, die, or arrange in this volume.

Though it gives a clear account of post-romantic developments up to the last war, this survey is not primarily a history but a work of philosophic criticism. Its thesis: that the principal aim of the moderns has been "to grasp poetry in its essence"—an aim analogous to that of the plastic arts, which have rejected all but "a purely interior model." Such an argument gives central importance to the influence of Mallarmé but it applies in some degree to various other tendencies: the Romanic and Parnassian classicisms, Apollinaire's doctrine of eternal surprise, even the dada poems "to be howled and danced." Claudel and Péguy, though both are discussed at length, appear somewhat outside the main stream.

Raymond does a fine reparative job for several neglected poets, such as Milosz and Fargue of "an era not quite lost in admiration for itself and the Eiffel Tower." In no respect is his book more valuable than in the choice of quoted texts—usually whole poems or substantial passages, accompanied by literal English versions.

His theory does serve to show that surrealism was the inevitable step beyond symbolism. After Valéry's *trame ténue*, the quest for an "integral" poetry could go no further within the limits of syntax and prosody. The truth is that Valéry made the other inheritors of symbolism look amateurish. A poet who could reconcile deep emotion with a severe, almost abstract formality, who could create a living object of desire in one unexcited line:

Ta forme au ventre pur qu'un bras fluide drape

could be imitated but hardly rivaled in terms of his own discipline.

But Raymond sees a deeper necessity for surrealism. He believes that in our time, when "the absolute revision of real values" is imperative, the poet has a "primary mission to disorient," to help us reject a world of stereotypes and foregone conclusions. However much the manner has been debased by fashion and snobbery, "we must not ignore the tragic anguish [these poems] reflect."

It is good to see that this celebrated study has been given the kind of American edition it deserves: a fluent and resourceful translation, a lively (polemical) introduction by Harold Rosenberg, and a bibliography that appears to cover everything that has been written on the subject in both languages.

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Inventory of America

Editor's Note: *The following guest editorial is by David L. Cohn, social historian and author of "The Good Old Days," "Combustion on Wheels," and "Where I Was Born and Raised," among other books.*

NAPOLEON had it that morale was to materiel as ten to one. So, too, is the moral; roughly, those ideas, attitudes, dreams, desires that delineate and define a man or a nation. It is these that save or destroy. The potential is a dead thing until animated by the purposeful mind. We must, therefore, count more than our mines, fields, factories, but take inventory of ourselves with ruthless honesty assaying our weaknesses however painful it may be.

The task is doubly difficult for us because we are wary of ideas. When Congress returned to Washington after the War of 1812, members debated whether the Government could fitly accept the library of Thomas Jefferson as a gift to the nation. It contained "subversive" books by Newton and Locke; and, worst of all, by Voltaire. We are, moreover, impatient of theory and, physically vigorous but intellectually lazy, are inclined either to do nothing or to leap before we look. Yet action, far from having the virtues we automatically assign it, may often be merely the last refuge of the intellectually impotent; motion narcotizing the pains of confusion and soothing the fevers of frustration. These considerations in mind, let us to the shelves.

We are, as our history demonstrates, a hundred-yard-dash nation; a distance at which we are incomparable. Our enemy, however—no sportsman who will abide by the rules—is an endurance runner. (It is illuminating that the marathon run has never been popular here.) Thus, the last war ended, we did not even demobilize in an orderly way. On the contrary, we hysterically disbanded the mightiest fighting force ever assembled and applied the torch to its machines. This was not lost upon the enemy. Once more, as he noted, it was a case of the job over; the abandonment of the task not completed.

No sprinter, he plods toward the goal he long ago set himself. In 1849, the Russian poet Tyutchev spoke of the coming struggle between Russia and the West. These are his words:

> The Occident is dying, everything crumbles in the general conflagration, the Europe of Charlemagne as well as the Europe of the treaties of 1815, the Roman papacy, and all thrones of the Occident, Catholicism, and Protestantism, faith long since lost and reason reduced to absurdity. Above this vast shipwreck appears, like an Ark of the Covenant, the Russian Empire, more vast than ever.

A century later, Soviet Russia does loom "more vast than ever"; and much of the world is a "vast shipwreck." Tyutchev's vision is the vision, never abandoned, of a hitherto backward but potentially mighty people. It is a people long fanatically convinced—here Karl Marx is a johnny-come-lately—that it is their mission to bring all mankind under their banner; the banner, naturally, of truth, justice, equality, and — even — democracy. (Russian dialectics, hypnotizing to those who employ them, have the dizzying effect upon susceptible foreigners of making truth seem to stand perpendicular to reason.) Their defect was that they lacked strength, physical strength. Mr. Stalin is not so naive as to rely upon Communism's powers of conviction, as against the Red Army's powers of concussion. But they have performed the feat of jumping from the oxcart into the airplane within one generation. Western technology enabled them to skip the transitional processes that the West itself endured. The West's political stupidities and the wars of our times have played into their hands; while, through traitors in every land, they exploit the world's woes and steal our innermost secrets. (Apropos stupidity, it must be the subject of sardonically humorous commentary in Moscow that Russia's largest source of dollars is the sale of luxury furs to the wives of American capitalists; cerements of sable from the Kremlin's point of view.)

It is worth noting, in passing, that this enemy, telling the centuries upon his beads, glacier-obdurate, fanatically possessed, goes with the secrets of nuclear fission in his head and a piece of black bread in his hand. If he is not our technological equal, he has the paradoxical advantage over us of being at once possessed of a considerable technical competence and, by our standards, a low-grade organism. In this respect he is to us as the earthworm is to the race horse. Cut the earthworm in two and there are two earthworms. But for the race horse grievously wounded, there remains only the mercy shot. If it is true that in the last war, as Mr. Churchill put it, it was the Russians who "tore the guts out of the German armies," it is also true—let us remember—that no other people perhaps could have endured such losses of men and survived to fight.

The vision burns bright in the Kremlin today, however much it may have flickered in the past. The race, it may be, is not to the swift but to the slow; the sprinter, ahead at the quarter, staggering at the half, and left far behind at the mile, the endless lengths of the marathon still ahead.

It is another of our disabilities that we are corroded by the instalment-plan mentality. This mentality dictates that you yourself do not have to do anything provided that you send ten cents to cover the cost of postage and wrapping or put a dollar on the line, the rest in "easy payments." National advertisers, aware of this, take advantage of it. Significantly, they do not put notions into our heads. They merely exploit what lies there.

CONSIDER, for example, Featherstone's "Outline of All Human Knowledge in Ten Thousand Self-Pronouncing One-Syllable Words With Illustrations and Charts for Added Clarity." Read it while shaving. So doing, you will acquire a Harvard education with overtones of the Sorbonne and Bob Jones Junior College (for roughage) thrown in free for nothing, the while you pay in painless instalments. Backward peoples such as the French and British must work hard for knowledge. We can get it the Easy Way.

In another field, it is sufficient for a girl to conquer that she simply wear a dime's worth of Lust, the Perfume that Caused the Rape of the Sabine Women. At her next cocktail party, a young man combining the best qualities of Gary Cooper and Ali Khan will beg her to marry him, give her a platinum champagne cooler brimful of emeralds and a palace at Marrakech. It is irrelevant whether she have face, figure, brains, or even any resemblance to a woman. A dime's worth of perfume will do the trick.

Given such a mentality, it is a

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grievous shock to us that we must be the leaders of the free world, at whatever cost, through foreseeable time; a shock all the greater with the growing realization that we cannot win either by old-pal conversations with the friendly crocodile in the Kremlin; the device of a gum-chewing sergeant who, interrupting his reading of the Comics, sets off a detonation that will destroy Russia from Omsk to Tomsk, or accomplish the same purpose, with less effort, through mental telepathy.

THE yearning for the Easy Way is, of course, an attribute of an intellectually adolescent people. (As between the evolutionary doctrine that it took thirty million years for the eohippus to evolve into the horse and the fundamentalist fiat that God made the world in six days, we will go for the fundamentalist fiat every time.) The hallmark of the adult is that he is willing to pay for what he wants, while history and nature refute the illusion that there is an Easy Way, their lessons pointed up by vanished peoples and species. So, too, it is somewhat of an illusion to believe that nature is interested in the survival of Americans. It is immaterial to her whether Kazaks or Kansans inhabit Topeka. She remains *la grande indifferente*, as the price of survival remains struggle.

Similarly, we cherish the fantasy that complex social or international questions can be solved; solved in the sense of finding a sovereign remedy that will dispose of them for all time. But such problems, as experience reveals, may only be ameliorated. Yet, going upon the assumption that they may be solved—the child in his high chair at the round table—when we find this impossible we react petulantly as a child and refuse to play. It follows that we are obsessed by time tables; "target dates" in the political world. Thus, we have long proposed to end the Marshall Plan in 1952. It did not matter whether by that time it had sufficiently changed the condition it was supposed to affect. But it so happens that destiny is unaware of time tables. It knows no interim terminal dates. Its ledgers close only upon obliteration. Then history tells men how it occurred.

The world's richest people, we delude ourselves that money is power. Automatically, therefore, we are the world's most powerful people. (It does not matter that prince as well as pauper has died of thirst on the desert road to Mecca.) Obviously, money is not power. It is merely power in a state of suspended animation. Our ability to suspend it almost to the point of the moribund is seen in a recent statement of the Munitions Board. Its stockpile of essential war materials is 38.41 per cent of the total that it was charged to acquire.

A non-ideational people, we yearn for "practical men" as heads of Government; our Secretary of Defense ranking high in this category as a successful lawyer and business man. (Last year, we yearners spent $400 million for books of all kinds and $200 million for potato chips.) No man could be more dangerous than the practical man in times of crisis; a period that stretches from 1914 into the indefinite future. There were—to cite only two examples—the practical Mr. Harding and the practical men around him who wanted "normalcy" after the First World War; a return to the market place and the world well lost. And, only yesterday, there was the practical Congress that in these perilous days reduced taxes by $5 billion.

The practical man high in government is dangerous because the essence of practicality is taking the short-term point of view. This is proper, and even essential, for the businessman. But it may be ruinous when applied to the nation, for the nation must look ahead for decades and even generations as conservator of the present and trustee for the future.

Finally, to conclude this catalog already grown too long, many of our difficulties at home and abroad flow from a confusion of synonyms; a failure to distinguish between bigness and greatness, price and value, success and achievement, a standard of living and a standard of life.

It may be salutary for us to confess in this dark moment that we have often been a self-righteous people; repulsively self-righteous to others as we lectured them upon their shortcomings and prated of our democracy, our love of it, and our virtues in general. It would seem to follow, unless we are rotten-ripe hypocrites, that two thousand years of Western history, with its magnificent pageant of saints, seers, artists, philosophers, its illuminations, its hard-won victories in the name of the human spirit, and its constant struggle toward the light however often the forces of darkness triumphed, must be more than a detour to arrive at an automobile with a new kind of tin whistle. If the pageantry of these twenty centuries is nothing more to us than this, then we are directionless men, eyes dead in their sockets, walking directionless upon the cold crust of a cold earth. But if we mean what we say, then, far from whining or groaning or lamenting our fate, we ought to regard it as our somber privilege that we are the defenders of the faith; the last best hope on earth. —D. L. C.

The Cocktail Party

(A Lacomic)

By C. M. ROSE

IT'S PECULIAR
How Julia
And Celia
(Ophelia?)
Pop here
And there—
The latter,
Celia,
(not Ophelia)
Can afford
Abroad
To expiate
Her late
Indiscretion
(With no aggression.)
Whilst Edward
(not Windsor
nor Hamlet)
A-headward
Continues
At Law—
And to bore
His wife:
His life,
Though changed,
Has ranged
To rectitude again.

And Reilly
So dryly
Drinks toasts
To Hosts
Of Heaven
That leaven
The play.

The rest
At best
With jest
And quip
Just grip
The thread
That led
T.S.
To guess
Or choose
Which Muse
Thalia or Melpomene?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For the past few weeks* SRL's *incoming mail basket has been exceptionally heavy. Usually we have to harden our hearts and pick out only those few letters that will fit on the one or two pages available for* LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. *The recent volume of letters from readers, however, has necessitated a doubling of the usual space. Among those commenting on Norman Cousins's "As 1960 Sees Us"* [SRL *Aug. 5*] *are Ordway Tead and Ernest Angell. Edgar Snow expresses himself on the Asian land question. Clyde Brion Davis and Alvin F. Harlow exchange a volley of verbal bullets over the latter's review of "The Age of Indiscretion." Some objections are made to the philosophy propounded in Lin Yutang's "Do American Writers Shun Happiness?"* [SRL *July 15*]. *Wolfe Kaufman tells of some advice from Sherwood Anderson on the subject of writing for money, and Louise Hall Tharp explains her difficulty in obtaining certain important background material for her next book.*

"But the gentleman says this is not just 'another' biography of George Washington."

"As 1960 Sees Us"

SIR: If the President of the United States were really to deliver an address outlining the modern, sensible, and courageous foreign policy that was suggested in the thoughtful and brilliant editorial "As 1960 Sees Us" (*SRL* Aug. 5), it would truly give "heart and hope to people everywhere." Mr. Cousins is helping to create the public opinion and social atmosphere that would make such a speech possible.

SAM HEDRICK.

Boston, Mass.

SIR: SEE THAT MR. TRUMAN AND TRYGVE LIE RECEIVE AND READ EDITORIAL "AS 1960 SEES US."

MRS. T. A. TURNER.

JACKSON, MISS.

Ordway Tead

SIR: One can agree about the critical role of the President's leadership in the present situation, and yet have reservations that there has to be a considerable body of public acceptance to such a declaration as Mr. Cousins proposes, should the President decide to make it.

I have a sense that, in theory, the idea of national sovereignty will die slowly and that its demise will be due to practical urgencies like Korea rather than to theoretical considerations. I know that Mr. Cousins is mindful that we have to start any improvements from where we are. And yet, despite this, one has the sense that Mr. Cousins hopes to jump by one leap into a situation where he will not find that he has the concurrence of any substantial minority, to say nothing of the majority, of the American people.

The price of "world security" is in practical politics a high one and has to be paid primarily in the coin of the conviction of citizens up and down the suburbias of America. They are not willing, in my estimation of their outlook, to pay that price as yet. This is not due to ill will, but essentially to a limited and nationally patriotic outlook.

The major lesson that I personally draw from this stimulating presentation is that those of us who fundamentally agree with Mr. Cousins's outlook must not be discouraged if the response both of the President and of our fellow citizens is not what he hopes and desires. It can still be an "Age of Valor" if with a clear intent that is rationally defensible and with confidence in the ultimate outcome we will all work ahead with patience, without discouragement, with a willingness to keep on in conference where any agreement now seems dubious, and with alertness as to changes in strategy that may be necessary under changing conditions in the world arena.

ORDWAY TEAD.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Would you be willing, at my expense, to mail one copy each of your Aug. 5th issue, individually marked for attention, to President Truman, all members of his Cabinet, all members of the Senate and House of Representatives, calling to their notice your editorial "As 1960 Sees Us"? . . . As you will realize from this request, I feel that your editorial is the most provocative, timely, and potentially important piece of writing that has appeared anywhere in recent months. Simply as a U. S. citizen who, like thousands of others, is aware of the dangers inherent in the present world situation, I am anxious to help to get something genuinely constructive done about it by our own country and the UN.

JAY LAVENSON.

Poland, Me.

SIR: "As 1960 Sees Us" offers in the guise of imagined retrospect the choice between the all-out expansion of our own military potential and the immediate transfusion of real power into the somewhat fluttering veins of the United Nations. We do not have to accept at face value the oversimplified blueprints of these assumptions to recognize their validity as starting points for a thorough re-examination of our purposes and methods.

The first of these alternatives promises that from the chrysalis of Oak Ridge there will burst the atomic holocaust that destroys civilization and all but wipes man off the earth. Are there any among us who can soberly ignore the shadow of that fate as something wholly possible, not so wildly improbable? I would only quarrel with certain dregs of that prophecy —that by social disintegration even as great as that "the will in man to rebuild has been largely destroyed" and "the luminous sense of human dignity and purpose" will have been "dimmed and deeply recessed."

From the shattering impact of the Korean explosion there has already come an impetus for the thought that security is to be achieved, if at all, through collective strength and purpose. The UN flag over the Pusan beachhead is at the very least a symbol of a wider horizon, perhaps a portent that lends credibility to the second

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alternative of Mr. Cousins's warning in retrospect. Not all of us will believe that lasting peace and security in freedom will be assured by the immediate build-up of the UN, even though we may be willing to move in that direction.

Of one thing we may be sure, that arms alone—even the collective arms of the Western democracies—cannot permanently defeat the fanatical drive of militant Communism and its false promises without putting all civilization in mortal danger. And I think we may say with equal conviction that the United States cannot alone carry the burden of successful defense, even by the fusing of all its moral forces into spiritual weapons that are to go hand in hand with those of lethal intent.

The immediately pressing challenge seems then to be of three parts: "millions for defense," and at once; a moral crusade among the remaining neutral masses of the world's population that must stem from the dignity and worth of the individual rather than the universality of the private-enterprise system (however valuable most of us of here find that to be); finally, a readiness to shed successive layers of touchy nationalism. The creeds of the postwar nationalists, the wishful pacifists, and the drop-the-bomb-now strategists are useless, even wasteful of precious energies.

The imagery of the *SRL* editorial piece has put these choices in stark relief.

ERNEST ANGELL.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Reprints of this succinct, but complete and clear, statement of the problem and the alternatives of choice should be placed in the hands of our legislators, national and state; the leaders of industrial and labor groups; all clergymen, educators, and the press of the world.

J. L. MURPHY,
Major, USMCR (Ret.).

Kill Devil Hills, N. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reprints are available at a cost of $7.50 per hundred.*

Oh My Darling, Ballantine!

SIR: Why does it so seldom occur to corporations who employ the written word in advertising—and who, I am told, are generally undaunted by costs of space and of assorted experts adroit in the business of art, layout, mellifluous prose, and allied mysteries—to engage equally qualified talent when The Account takes a plunge and decides to commit verse?

An old New York City Omnibus fan (First and Second Avenue lines), I had been for weeks disturbed by a waggish car card depicting Jesse James surrounded by jingles that rhymed "Ballantine" with "behind" and "mankind." A person of excessive good will to man and beer, I was irritated by the twice-daily assaults of these non-rhymes leering at me for thirty long blocks to and from Forty-second Street.

Now things are no better. Jesse James has fled, but only to make way for Annie Oakley and that infernal poet again, this time bracketing "Ballantine" with "coolin' time." . . . Ballantine, get your gun!

It is quite possible that Ballantine should never have strayed into verse in the first place, since the only allowable rhyme for it is "Valentine" and that gambit can be used but once a year, around February 14. (Stretching a point to permit a secondary accent on the ultimate, I have figured that the poet could invent a female relation, his mother's sister, named Tina but affectionately called "Aunt Tine" by members of the family, in which case he might refer to his "pal, Aunt Tine," who presumably liked her mug of ale as well as the next one. Or, again, he might lapse into the archaic or Scottish and create a boy-and-girl situation wherein the maid first looked into her hero's "gallant eyen." Either of these departures, however, seems unsuitable for a beer ad on a First Avenue bus and would probably be recognized by the traveling public as a transparent subterfuge. Bad public relations.)

What it gets down to is that rhymes are rhymes—and non-rhymes, near-rhymes, and assonances are something else again. So why must a lot of advertising verse sound as though it were written by the wife of the Chairman of the Board? There have been worthy exceptions, of course. The late Phoebe Snow would not have been caught dead clothed in slovenly prosody. She had the good sense to be born with a push-over of a name for rhyming and she made the most of it. Currently, the Alka-Seltzer jingles are usually pat (and you don't catch them trying to rhyme the product, either!) and there are other versified ads that follow the rules. But, oh my darling, Ballantine!

HOWARD CUSHMAN.

New York, N. Y.

Sherwood Anderson's Advice

SIR: All this pother about writing and writers (and earning a living) reminds me of a day way back in what now seems the happy Twenties. I met Sherwood Anderson in Gertrude Stein's home and we talked about this, largely because I was young and broke and had written a few pieces for literary magazines and had dreams. Anderson said he did not think a young writer, or a young man with hopes of becoming a writer, should earn his living by working on newspapers, or anything similar. If you wrote as well as you were able to write, and if that brought you sufficient money for your necessary living expenses, fine! If not, he felt, you ought to work in a factory, or a store, or at anything that did not require the use of the same set of muscles as your writing required. It made good sense at the time, and it still does (it seems to me), in spite of the fact that I have never had either the courage or the strength to follow that advice. Perhaps I would never have gone very far as a writer, anyway—but the fact remains that the very few things I have managed to write which seemed (to me) worth publishing were written in between jobs on newspapers, magazines, etc. I do know this: I have never, in my own mind, confused "writing" with (for want of a better word) "journalism."

WOLFE KAUFMAN.

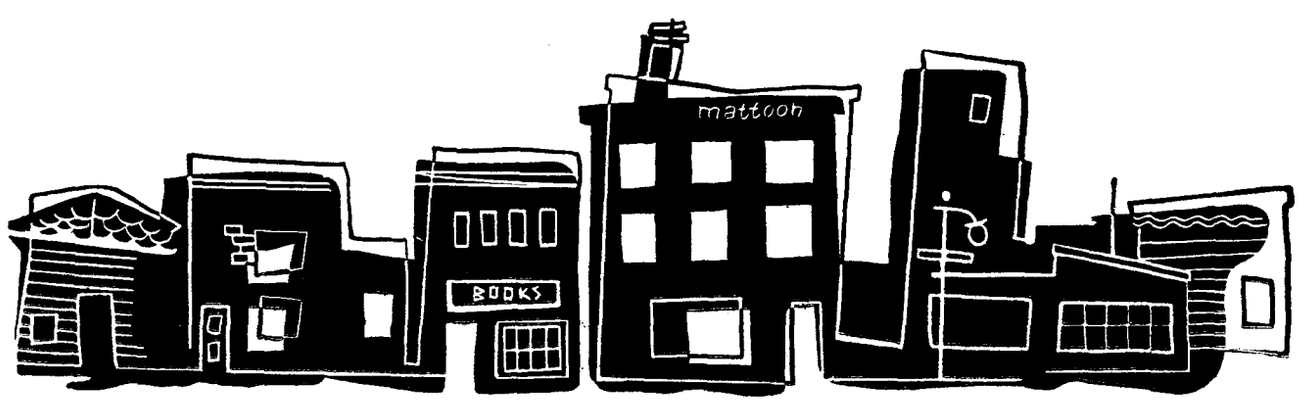
New York, N. Y.

What About Charlotte?

SIR: Ever since the publication of "The Peabody Sisters of Salem" I have been receiving interesting and helpful letters from Peabody descendants or from descendants of others mentioned in my book. Then there have been those who attended Miss Peabody's kindergarten and those who have found letters among their family archives from one or more of the Peabody sisters themselves. Much new material has come to me which I would have been delighted to use, had I heard of it in time.

Now I am engaged upon another biography—that of Horace Mann. I wonder if any *Saturday Review of Literature* readers or their friends could help me before the book is done. An excursion into someone's family attic might so easily provide me with a chapter!

The public life of Mr. Mann may be



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studied in many formidable volumes. It is his private life which interests me most because it is there that he is revealed as a human being.

I am particularly in need of further information about Charlotte Messer, Mann's first wife. I know that she was the youngest child of Asa Messer who was for twenty-four years president of Brown. She had an older sister, Mary, who never married; a brother, Manning, who died in childhood, and a sister, Caroline, who married Sidney Williams, a lawyer of Taunton. They afterwards moved to the Messer farm, now within the city of Providence. Charlotte Messer and Horace Mann were married in 1830 and Charlotte died on August first, 1832, "aged twenty-three" according to the "Vital Statistics" of Dedham, Mass.

But was Charlotte dark or fair, tall or short? Surely one of her sisters must have written all about the wedding to a friend in some other town or to a relative unable to attend. Was Charlotte lovely to look at or was her beauty apparent only to the eyes of love? Someone in Dedham must have described the bride of the young lawyer, Horace Mann. Those are the letters I need. Those are the details which give life to biography.

Horace Mann kept his love letters to Charlotte in a little box in his study. Once when desperately lonely, his second wife, Mary Peabody, read some of these letters—and being desperately honest also she told her husband. After his death she read them again—but where are they now?

In the Massachusetts Historical Society there is a little wooden box among the personal mementos of Horace Mann. It contains his doorplate, his spectacles—and a braided strand of long blond hair. Is this the box which once contained Charlotte's letters and is this pale hair hers? I cannot say, unless someone finds some long-forgotten manuscripts for me which will bring to life this well-loved ghost.

LOUISE HALL THARP.

Darien, Conn.

Routes to Happiness

SIR: In "Do American Writers Shun Happiness?" [*SRL* July 15] Lin Yutang says "that the material must be the basis for the spiritual well-being." Is Mr. Lin unaware of those moments of spiritual happiness that enable man to forget his material discomfort? He recognizes happiness in observing beauty. But in spite of man's ability to appreciate such beauty, Mr. Lin thinks man's bodily well-being comes first. Has he never known a time when he became so absorbed in a great literary passage, in personal reflection, in an effort to help another person, that he did not forget that his body was tired or hungry?

People with strong spiritual faith and with an appreciation of spiritual as well as material beauty live more consistently happy lives than those who search first for happiness in pure physical satisfaction. The confusion and contradictions in the mind of modern man result largely from man's deliberate attempt to debase himself by his insistence that man is merely a higher animal. How stupid to deny the dignity bequeathed by God!

Mr. Lin writes very charmingly—and disarmingly. There is wit and some good sense in his words. But I fear that, in spite of his claims to the contrary, he is just as materialistic as the majority of present-day thinkers.

DOROTHY ODELL KARNS.

Dayton, O.

SIR: Can Lin Yutang truly think that happiness is of so low a nature? His words come perilously near stating that body appetites, sensual passion are the essence of its nature. . . . True happiness is not physical, but

Edgar Snow on Land in Asia

Edgar Snow

SIR: Congratulations on your publication of "Too Late to Save Asia?" by Wolf I. Ladejinsky [*SRL* July 22]. I should like to endorse his views, namely: that peasant land - hunger lies "at the center of Asiatic politics"; that Communist successes in Asia derive primarily from the fact that the Reds alone understand the pivotal nature of the land question on that continent; that they alone have worked out effective means of exploiting it, and that they alone base their entire struggle for power on mobilization of the moral and political energies of a majority of the peasants, who are some 80 per cent of the population.

Mr. Ladejinsky's discovery is not new; students of contemporary Asia have been telling Americans this for the past twenty years. But it is refreshing to find at least one publication, in these times, willing to provide space for discussion of the background which tells all—or nearly all—the essentials about a conflict with deep roots in Asiatic society.

One word—land!—provides sufficient answer, for those who must have it in tabloid form, to the Communists' appeal in China. It was the answer in Korea when America first liberated it. It remains the answer throughout southeast Asia. Unless America can make her anti-Communist intervention—and UN principles—symbolize equalization of land ownership and abolition of landlordism, the local application of superior force cannot erect lasting obstacles to the rise of Asiatic Communism. It is true that the Communists plan to collectivize the land which they now give the peasant to win his support for their cause. But this argument makes little impression on the peasant, even when he hears it, because it is used by a side which will not even establish temporary peasant ownership or act decisively in the peasant's interest against the landlord.

Theoretically, as Mr. Ladejinsky infers, it is not "too late to save Asia" from Communism. But evidence which he adduces—i.e., the limited MacArthur reforms facilitating peasant purchase of land and the UN's experiments with rent curbs in China and Formosa—by their very insignificance show that we have failed to understand the central role of the peasantry and its political potential in building Communist power. The chance we had to build up a rugged foundation of present loyalty to democracy in Korea, without repudiating our principles, was thrown away. There nearly 40 per cent of the best land was owned by Japanese and, as a war indemnity, could have been distributed among tenants. Instead, we allowed a mortgage system to be set up, and landlords and usurers got control of the land. For the five to six billion dollars wasted in a vain effort to salvage Chiang Kai-shek's landlord regime in China an enlightened land reform could have been introduced, and active peasant support secured for those who brought it about. For the ten billion dollars in armaments expenditure now envisaged as the only answer to problems arising out of the agrarian crisis graphically depicted by Mr. Ladejinsky the U. S. could create credit and technical facilities which, extended through the UN, could foster peaceful liquidation of landlordism throughout the rest of the Communist-threatened countries. In that way we might yet help to create the foundations of political stability in Asia and win the fighting support of millions of peasants convinced of the justice of UN principles of international law.

As things stand, it is a melancholy truth that whereas Americans imagine that the issue is simply pro-UN versus anti-UN, or pro-aggressor versus anti-aggressor, the native peasant warriors in Korea are dying for something never mentioned in the dispatches. Stripped of all its ideological dressing, this is for them simply a war for the land—which for them means freedom—given or promised to them by the Reds, as against enemies who symbolize a return to power of the landlord—which for them means slavery.

To get Asiatics to fight victorious battles for democracy and the UN, as the Kremlin gets them to fight its battles without involving Russian forces, it is necessary to confront the Asiatic peasant with an alternative of concrete meaning in the narrow compass of his social existence. That means, first of all, release from landlord oppression—and the promise of enlarged hope and freedom it entails. Equalization of private ownership of the land is not Communism and it is above all hateful to Communists except when Communists control it. Land reform and the abolition of the feudal character of agrarian economy is, on the contrary, a movement which universally signalized the dawn of modern democracy. Without it democracy cannot rise in Asia.

EDGAR SNOW.

New York, N. Y.

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UN Note

By Melville Cane

The goings-on of Mr. Malik
Lack the refinements of the Gallic;
His method, typically Russian,
Aims to conquer by concussion,
And when it lands him in a pickle
He drops the hammer for the sickle.

spiritual; not casual, but free of earthly passion; not temporal, but resultant from eternal values.

THORNTON OAKLEY.

Villa Nova, Pa.

The Good Old Days

SIR: While no one has a right to expect a clear-eyed appraisal of early twentieth-century events from the author of "Theodore Roosevelt, Strenuous American," I feel sure *SRL* did expect some semblance of accuracy from Alvin F. Harlow in his review of my "The Age of Indiscretion" [*SRL* July 22]. Mr. Harlow says with enormous irony that I "silenced" such a pessimist as Irwin Edman, among others. As a matter of cold fact, I quoted Professor Edman in *support* of my position as follows:

> Widespread education is making us more widely sensitive to excellence, more eager to have excellence itself pervasive. Art, music, and ideas have larger audiences and more discussions than existed only twenty-five years ago. . . . Not everyone can be an original artist or thinker. But many can be educated to disinterested and undistracted criteria of judgment in these matters. . . . What is security for but to give human beings their chance to achieve their full stature of humanity?

That, actually, is the theme of my book and stated better than I could state it. And interpreting that quotation as an attack on Professor Edman is only one of a series of misrepresentations in this unfortunate review.

Some other critics have disagreed with my thesis in part, and I respect their opinions because they were honest. Mr. Harlow, on the other hand, declares I unfairly drag in medical superstitions "as far back as 1788" to discredit the physicians of 1900. That is simply not true and his statement is the result of unspeakably careless reading—or worse. What I do is to show advances made by medicine from the time of Galen to 1900 as a background for the greater advances made in the last fifty years.

He declares me guilty of a "wildly erroneous statement" in saying my Missouri town was "fairly representative" of rural Midwestern America in the first decade of the twentieth century. His reason: We must have been a quite lawless people because there had been guerrilla activity in the region forty years earlier. A comparable non sequitur would be condemnation of all New Yorkers of 1900 as thugs because of the draft riots of 1863.

He attacks my statement that we have gained in wisdom by discarding stultifying superstitions, saying the human brain has not improved in half a million years. Does he then recognize no difference between native intelligence and wisdom? Is he trying to say that all education is worthless?

There are more points, but this is enough. However, I shall give the erudite Mr. Harlow some information which may surprise him: (1) A "wiseacre" is *not* a wise man; (2) a "true bill" is not what he thinks it is. A true bill is not an obvious truth but simply an indictment returned by a grand jury.

CLYDE BRION DAVIS.

Salisbury, Conn.

SIR: Yes, Mr. Davis did quote Dr. Edman as he reports, but he also quoted that wavering professor as saying, "Something has gone from our lives in the way of excellence," and Mr. Davis's whole book strives to refute that statement.

As to medicine, I still do not consider it necessary, in order to discredit the physicians of 1900, to mention a doctor of 1815 who didn't believe in contagion, and others of that era who considered bleeding a panacea. Mr. Davis admits that "Old Doc," as he collectively calls the physicians of 1900, was "by and large, a pretty sincere, honest and admirable citizen," even "frequently a self-sacrificing hero"; but he was "incapable of making an early diagnosis," and "little better fitted to perform a major operation than was Gus the corner butcher." Yet Mr. Davis himself mentions a bladder operation in Philadelphia in 1831, and I could name dozens of major jobs performed by *country* doctors long before that. Dr. Joseph McDowell of Danville, Ky.,—of course without aid from either anaesthetics or antiseptics — removed a large ovarian tumor from a woman in 1809, with complete recovery, and did the operation a dozen times thereafter, with success in the ratio of two to one. But he was surpassed by another Kentucky doctor, J. T. Bradford of Augusta, who, before he died in 1871, had performed this operation more than thirty times.

Mr. Davis flouts history when he says that I attribute Chillicothe's admitted disorderliness around 1900 to "guerrilla activity in this region forty years earlier." The James gang operated in Missouri, in that part of Missouri, until Jesse was killed in 1882—not forty but eighteen years before 1900. Frank and Jesse's home was less than fifty miles from Chillicothe, and they were so popular in the region that they rode about it openly and were never apprehended. The coarsening effects of border warfare were felt in Missouri for years thereafter. And I did not claim a general cultural excellence for Indiana. I merely combatted Mr. Davis's argument by saying that in the small cities I knew in Kentucky and Indiana—and I will add Sedalia, Missouri, where I was born and lived until I was eight—the roughneck Sunday-school teacher he mentions would not have been tolerated.

Mr. Davis thinks I don't know the meaning of "wiseacre." Perhaps I should have made my sentence simpler. Any careful and intelligent reader of my text should see that by "wiseacre" I was referring to the sort of person that Mr. Davis says we all were in 1900—one who rates his own wisdom too highly. I said that I thought the percentage of these smarties remains fairly constant throughout the ages; but on second thought, I revise that; I think there are more of them now than ever. His quibble over my use of the term "true bill" is mere lint-picking.

ALVIN F. HARLOW.

New York, N. Y.

"It's a mystery to me how a man who knows how to put an atomic bomb together can concoct such a terrible cocktail!"

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

TO EUROPE BY BALLOON—II

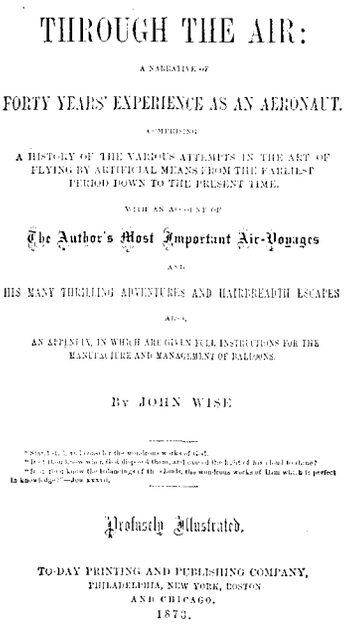
WHEN the Europe-bound balloon sponsored by the *New York Illustrated Daily Graphic* collapsed on the Capitoline Grounds in Brooklyn on September 12, 1873, one man who was not disappointed was John Wise, a prominent balloonist who had been the prime exponent of the expedition. Although he had dreamed of floating to Europe on the currents of a west-east wind nearly all his life, he was unable to reconcile himself to the commercialism of his backers, the Goodsells of the *Daily Graphic*. In the last of three letters written to George Maclean of Today Printing & Publishing Co., publishers of his book "Through the Air," dated September 13, Wise disclosed how he had disassociated himself from the venture just before its inauspicious end.

"When we separated I remarked, 'You cannot get that balloon up and off without me.' I had not gone three blocks away before the news reached me, 'The balloon has burst.'" Washing his hands of the entire affair Wise wrote Maclean, "If the Graphics let me alone I will let them alone, and will even not demand that subscription money they collected for me, bad off as I am in dolls. and cents. . . . The press is perhaps too much on my side, for I should have disconnected myself from the project several weeks ago, had I known that the public would have stood by me. . . . Should the Goodsells open their battery on me . . . I can meet them with weightier argument than any yet given for the failure. . . ."

The Goodsell battery was not fired immediately. On September 13 the *Graphic* printed a somber editorial, which called the collapse the "most grievous disappointment to men engaged in an enter-prise of public importance since the first Atlantic cable vanished over the stern of the *Niagara*." There was the inevitable word from the Monday-morning quarterbacks. A letter to the *Graphic* signed "Amateur Aeronaut" said, ". . . an aluminum balloon might solve the problem. But until then we will have to content ourselves with, say, 80-foot balloons and take the chances of sailing over the Atlantic with a balloon of that size if at all."

The *Graphic* also reprinted a *Herald* interview with Washington Donaldson, a young aeronaut who was attracted by Wise's exploits and who had signed on for the trip. His portrait appears in "Through the Air," a touch of generosity which Wise undoubtedly regretted later. The *Graphic*, quoting the *Herald* quoting Donaldson, said, "Wise made all the trouble . . . he put all the obstacles in the way. He was always grumbling and altogether acted like a man who didn't mean to go . . . he wouldn't have gone today if the balloon had been all right."

But it was the stately *New York Times* which, perhaps inadverently, really started the battle. In reporting the whole story of the Graphic Balloon no paper had indeed been more graphic than the *Times*. On September 10, before the explosion, it described the balloon as an "obedient Siamese elephant kneeling . . . though on a nearer approach its resemblance to a potfull of bubbling hasty pudding was even more remarkable." In a preflight story it speculated on the proposed inclusion of another passenger: ". . . a human addition [would be] rather more useless than ballast. It would certainly be rather inhuman to drop the navigator from a height of a couple of miles or so into the mid-Atlantic, but it might become a . . . necessity."


THROUGH THE AIR:

A NARRATIVE OF

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS AN AERONAUT.

COMPRISING

A HISTORY OF THE VARIOUS ATTEMPTS IN THE ART OF FLYING BY ARTIFICIAL MEANS FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD DOWN TO THE PRESENT TIME.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

The Author's Most Important Air-Voyages

AND

HIS MANY THRILLING ADVENTURES AND HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES

ALSO,

AN APPENDIX, IN WHICH ARE GIVEN FULL INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE MANUFACTURE AND MANAGEMENT OF BALLOONS.

BY JOHN WISE

Profusely Illustrated.

TO-DAY PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY,
PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, BOSTON
AND CHICAGO.
1873.

After the fiasco in Brooklyn The Times ran a front-page story headlined "The Rotten Balloon." It said that a "disgusted multitude was enraged at its own gullibility." It reported that Wise had quit the venture because of "the cheap John style in which the balloon had been constructed." It charged that Wise had received only $195 for his efforts. It insisted that he had been opposed from the very beginning to the carnival atmosphere that had surrounded an ostensibly scientific enterprise. On Monday, September 15, *The Times* really kicked the milk can down the hill by printing a lengthy communication from James Downey of Lancaster, Pa., Wise's nephew. Most of Downey's note was given over to a letter Wise had written him on August 24, wherein the balloonist had listed eighteen points of dissension. He accused the Goodsells of buying cheap fabric, cheap netting, and of constructing the balloon car of boards instead of wicker, which would have been more expensive. "I know I am a grumbler," Wise wrote his nephew, "but who would not grumble at seeing an employe throwing a basket of eggs in a market wagon." He said they had promised to give him $2.50 a day for expenses. "Will that defray a man's expenses of board, bed, washing, carfare, and the purchase of an occasional newspaper in New York? I assure you I do not board at Delmonico's." Wise reiterated privately, as he had publicly, his earnest desire to make the trip. "I would much rather go out a thousand miles and perish," he wrote Downey, "than not get up at all." The letter ran for a full column on the editorial page headed "The Balloon Failure Responsibility Placed Where It Belongs."

The *Graphic* didn't feel *The Times* had placed the blame in the right place at all. In their rebuttal, which covered nearly a page, the Goodsells wrote, "What ever ability Mr. John Wise has shown as a letter-writer, he is not the man to take charge of any enterprise requiring steadfastness and an earnest determination to fulfill his obligations." They said Wise had agreed to go for nothing, that they had given him $5 a day for expenses, that he had hired his own niece to take charge of sewing the balloon. When the Goodsells complained, they said that Wise told them to take their "-----old bag and go to -----." They claimed he was "somewhat influenced by spirits that morning," that he had gone frequently to Philadelphia, where they learned he was "engaged in preparing a work for the press." They said that Wise's son Charles had peddled pictures of his father to them and that they had bought them. They said they finally put Charles on the payroll but he never appeared for work and they later found out he was collecting another salary of $30 a week from a second employer. They said that the "want of faith and earnestness" on the part of Wise, senior, "led us to the conviction that he never had any other motive than to occupy himself for a brief moment in the eyes of the public."

With Wise thus dispatched, if not calumnified, the *Graphic* announced

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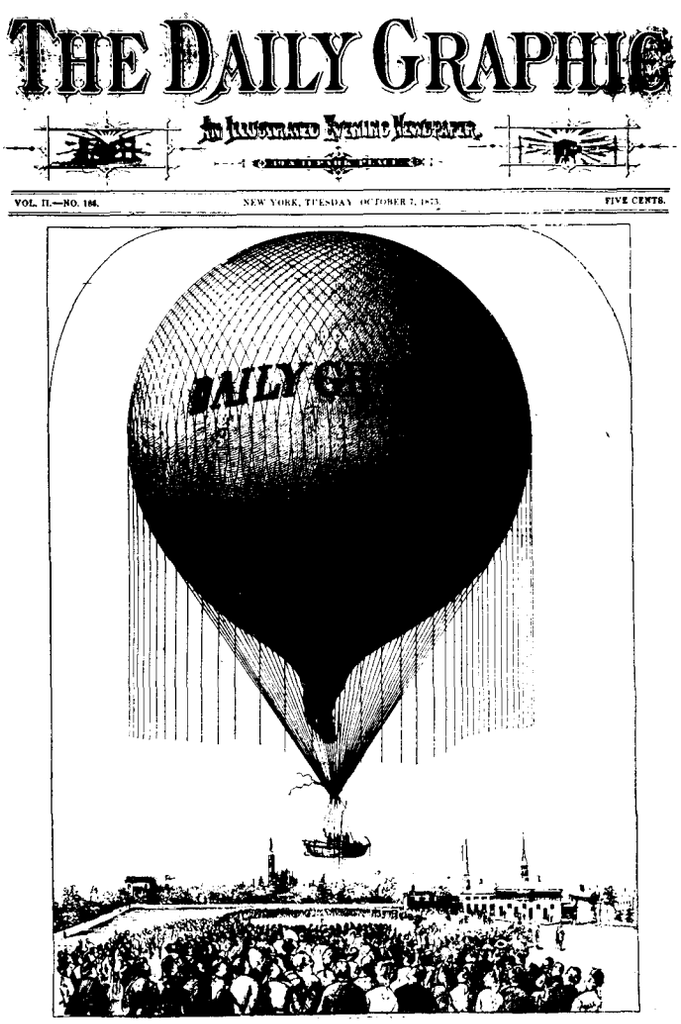
that a new attempt to float to Europe was set for early October with Donaldson at the helm. Before the long venture was attempted Donaldson made two practice ascensions for the declared purpose of "determining the speed of current." Tickets which had been returned to spectators after the collapse of the first balloon (an indemnity which *The Times* called "the crowning insult of the whole imposition") were declared valid for the practice ascensions. On the first trip Donaldson sailed over Jamaica Bay and Rockaway Beach, throwing out pamphlets which advertised the *Graphic*, himself, and the Nassau Gas Co. He was up fifty minutes and landed in Queens. The second practice trip was made on October 4, about which Donaldson wrote a detailed report for the *Graphic*. As he descended over Fort Lee, N. J., he reported seeing a lady with a child in her arms standing on the portico of a house. He wrote that he "could distinguish the smile of her features and a look of wonderment on the face of the child. I raised my hat and spoke to her, saying, 'How are you?' She said she was first rate."

TWO days later, after a send-off that had been thrice warmed over, Donaldson, with a reporter and an artist as crew, was finally off for Europe. The *Graphic* put out an extra. It reported that a million and a half watched the balloon ascend over Brooklyn "amid a general chorus of admiration . . . except . . . only here and there an occasional bilious person who professed to believe that the balloon was in reality bound for New Jersey." Then suddenly the *Graphic* story was seized with a paroxysm of early *Chicago Tribunesque* reporting. The article declared that "a typical Briton, disgusted perhaps at the failure of his efforts to keep his eyeglass in position, announced to a crowd near Bleecker St. that it was 'all a trick, you know. Those fellows are going to come down in Harlem and to have another exhibit so as to make some more money. I dare say they are laughing at us and all that sort of thing, you know.'"

If Donaldson, high over Manhattan, was indeed laughing, his pleasure was not to last long. After four hours in the sky the balloon ran into a storm and crashed into a hillside at New Canaan, Conn. The European-bound aeronauts, none of whom was injured, had covered exactly 120 miles. So ended the aeronautical adventures of the *Illustrated Daily Graphic*. As for Wise, he continued to fly. On September 29, 1879, while on a long voyage, his balloon crashed in Lake Michigan and he and a companion were drowned. His end came just six years and two weeks after the affair in Brooklyn. —HORACE SUTTON.

This is the second of two articles on the Daily Graphic Balloon. The first appeared here on August 12.


THE DAILY GRAPHIC

An Illustrated Evening Newspaper

VOL. II.—NO. 186. NEW YORK, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1873. FIVE CENTS.

TRAVELERS' TALES

THE UNITED STATES, edited by Dore Ogrizek. McGraw-Hill. $6.50. In this, the sixth effort in The World in Color Series, Mr. Ogrizek and company, previously occupied with the countries of Europe, have invaded home territory. But the U. S. isn't France or Switzerland or Italy, where Mr. O. and his team have been roistering in the past. Perhaps this land is too large to be contained in one volume, for certainly the book is no "guide to the forty-eight states" as the dust jacket contends. It is, rather, a pleasant skim of the history and atmosphere and idiosyncrasies of the regional areas of the land and some of its cities—to be specific: New York, Washington, Chicago, and San Francisco. But the area is so vast that the editors must dismiss Chicago in three and a half pages of type and all of Yosemite National Park in three and a half lines. On the other hand, the text is considerably more down-to-earth than the volume, say, on France. It is gratifying to encounter a guide book which suggests restaurants in Washington, for example, although its sections on New York night life are startlingly naive. By L'Heure Bleue, a nightclub referred to herein, the author means, I am sure, the Blue Angel, and anyone whom the book sends around to find "Jack" of Jack and Charlie's "21" will find him deceased these many years. The 500-odd pages include 300 drawings in color and 100 in black and white, with the copy poured around them. It makes for a cheerful format.

A WANDERER IN INCA LAND, by Christopher Sandeman. Scribner. $12.50. Mr. Sandeman, a Briton of Portuguese heritage, has found much in common with his fellow Iberians, the people of Peru. This book, both the photographs and the text, are the result of many years' wanderings in Inca land. Each of Mr. Sandeman's photographs — and they are beautifully reproduced—has been placed opposite a page of explanatory text. From this double-barrelled indoctrination we learn about sloths who hang from trees all day long and the daily passenger train from Lima to Huancayo, for instance, which carries a doctor armed with tanks of oxygen for those who black out in the altitudes.

THE PASSION PLAY: Oberammergau 1950, by J. A. Daisenberger. Crowell. $2.75. For anyone still bound for the 1950 Passion Play (the last performance is September 24) or anyone just returning from it, this volume contains the last word on Oberammergau. Half of the book is devoted to the actual script of the play translated into English. The rest is a guide to the town, a portfolio of portraits of the leading players with their biographies, and some pieces about the history of the play and its music.

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Seeing Things

AFTERMATH

SINCE so many harsh words have been said against Hollywood, and so many of them not harsh enough, it seems only fair to point out that Hollywood of recent years has shown a willingness, occasional though mounting, to put childish things behind it, to summon real courage, and to come to grips with those grimmer themes which are among the true stuffs of our times.

Even an incomplete list of these braver films is heartening. Certainly, "The Best Years of Our Lives," "The Lost Weekend," "The Search," "The Snake Pit," "Twelve O'Clock High," "Three Came Home," and "All the King's Men" belong on such a list. So, too, do "Crossfire," "Gentleman's Agreement," "Home of the Brave," "Lost Boundaries," "Pinky," and, most particularly, "Intruder in the Dust," which regardless of their shortcomings have dared to deal with the horrors and indignities of racial discrimination, a subject Hollywood once upon a time would have spurned as dynamite.

To this growing number of pictures, unflinching in their themes and adult in their approach, "The Men"* must be added. As nearly everyone should know by now, "The Men" is chiefly set in the Birmingham Veterans Hospital near Los Angeles. Paraplegics (most of them actual patients) form its cast, and the anguishes of the readjustments they are sentenced to face supply its plot.

There was a period during World War II when censorship, supposedly in the interest of civilian morale, saw to it that photographs of servicemen dead or mutilated were left unpublished. This policy was pursued illogically at a time when thousands upon thousands of those dreaded telegrams from the Navy or the War Department were finding their way to homes up and down the land. It was adhered to even when families of the wounded who had been returned to this country were visiting them in hospitals, walking through crowded wards, and being confronted daily with the brutal human cost of war. It was followed when countless women in the AWVS, the Red Cross, and other volunteer services were meeting planes or ships freighted with the maimed, and devoting their whole energies to helping, saving, curing, or entertaining them.

The Government, however, during these earlier days of the war did not seem to have full faith in the realism or the stamina of the American public. Civilians at home were to be protected from the bruising facts of battle. Regardless of the casualty lists that found their way into print or the losses that correspondents and communiqués might report, cameras could tell only half-truths. The war was not prettified pictorially; its human carnage was merely a sight left unseen.

Before too long, however, this foolish policy of ostrichism was abandoned. Its danger came to be understood. It meant that Americans, who were separated by two oceans from the actual scenes of conflict, were excluded from the realities known not only to those living in the theatres of war but to the members of their own families who happened to be fighting there. Accordingly, the policy was reversed and pictures of casualties began to appear. They were not pleasant pictures. They were grim, terrible, heart-tearing. But they told noncombatants what they had the right and need to know. They brought civilians here closer than anything else did to what those in and out of uniform overseas had faced. The service they performed was invaluable, however harrowing.

A similar service is performed by "The Men." Certainly this new film, dealing not with war but with its aftermath, is not "entertainment" in the ordinary sense of that abused word. It could not be. It should not be. But it is absorbing. It is honest and moving, too, in spite of those moments when its storytelling is neither

—*From "The Men."*

Actor Marlon Brando and a real paraplegic—"inspiriting gallantry."

* *THE MEN, screen play by Carl Foreman. Directed by Fred Zinneman. Produced by Stanley Kramer. Released through United Artists. With a cast including Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, Everett Sloane, Jack Webb, Richard Erdman, Arthur Jurado, Virginia Farmer, Nita Hunter, Patricia Joiner, John Miller, Cliff Clark, Ray Teal, Marguerite Martin, etc. At the Radio City Music Hall, New York City.*

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as certain nor as skilful as it might be. If it wounds, it also enthralls. More than that, it has a gallantry about it which is inspiriting.

It is a record of fighting men whose greatest victories have been won over themselves and their own disabled bodies. Their refusal to surrender is not mawkishly presented. They are a tough-fibered lot, these veterans. Bill Mauldin's Willy and Joe would understand them. They have something of the same sardonic turn of mind and speak something of the same language. They are adults with normal desires and hopes who, due to spinal injuries, walk in wheelchairs and must adapt themselves to curtailed living.

Notwithstanding their frustrations, they have not lost their lust for life or their gift for laughter. Their laughs are hospital laughs. They are born of agony and disenchantment. They are the laughs of the unlucky making the best of their lack of luck. But their wisecracks and their pranks, rough and tumble as they may be, have behind them the ebullience of G.I. humor.

The gags, of course, are incidental. They supply audiences with "breathers" from what is the film's real and important concern. This is not only the mental and physical readjustments which paraplegics must themselves make but the mental readjustments which their families, their wives (if they do marry), and all of us must make in our attitude towards them.

THE fictional pivot of "The Men" is a plausible-enough yarn about a young lieutenant played by Marlon Brando. He is briefly seen leading his platoon into action until he is wounded. Thereafter the story has to do with his experiences as a paraplegic in a Veterans Hospital. He is at first a most surly and recalcitrant patient, unwilling to take the needed exercises, uneager to extend his life.

An all-understanding doctor (Everett Sloane) disciplines him by having him transferred from a private room to a ward. There he in time regains the will to live because of the merciless, though good-natured, goading of the men who surround him, but mainly because his fiancée (Teresa Wright), whom his pride has kept him from seeing, contrives to see him again. Realizing that she loves him *as he is*, he begins to work furiously at rehabilitating himself.

So great is his success that the two of them get married. Their wedding night is a fiasco. The fault is both his and hers; his because of his hypersensitivity; hers because she discovers that, in spite of thinking she is ready for their marriage, she is as

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yet not prepared to face it. They quarrel and he returns angrily to his hospital ward. Subsequently he goes on a bender, gets in a barroom fight and an automobile accident, and is discharged from the hospital by the vote of his fellow paraplegics. It may seem unnecessary to add that he returns to his wife. This time he is willing to accept her help and she has matured to the point where she can help him.

Although the story, as hinted, has its wavering moments, in the presence of "The Men" the attention never wavers at all. Carl Foreman as scenarist and Fred Zinneman as director see to this. They have a fine and sensitive eye for the details of a paraplegic ward, for the problems and individuality of its inmates, and for the sports and exercises by means of which these men re-establish their lives. Moreover, and most important, the courage of Mr. Foreman and Mr. Zinneman in facing the unpleasant is equaled by their adeptness in giving it dramatic statement.

Their fusion of make-believe and reality is on the whole triumphant. The photography is as effective as the casting is fortunate. Jack Webb, Arthur Jurado, and Richard Erdman are admirable as three sharply differentiated paraplegics. Everett Sloane plays the compassionate and dedicated doctor intelligently and with no surrenders to sentimentality. Teresa Wright acts the fiancée simply and appealingly, and fails only in those moments when the script fails her.

But the outstanding and unforgettable performance is Marlon Brando's. The same lunge, the same animal drive, the same eruptive cruelty and sudden tenderness which characterized his contribution to "A Streetcar Named Desire" distinguish his impersonation in "The Men." His face is not only a face; it is a seismograph for his volcanic passions. His emotional range is startling in its variety. His transitions of mood overtake him without warning. His snarls can end in smiles, his smiles in snarls. At one moment ingratiating, at the next he can be as savage as a cornered leopard. Surely his voice and diction in any other actor would count as liabilities, but he converts them into assets. His slurred speech and frequently thin tones convey his feelings with overwhelming clarity.

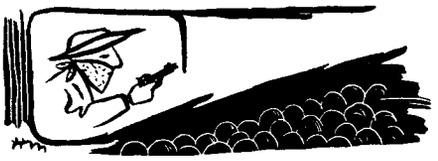
For many reasons, made clear by now I hope, "The Men" is a film I am glad to have seen. Touching, brave, worth while, and well done as it is, I could not help being chilled by the thought that, though there are now 2,500 young Americans who are paraplegics, History is seeing to it that their numbers will increase.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

The Film Forum

W. C. FIELDS: FOUR FILMS

***The Saturday Review*'s Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**



THE BANK DICK (80 min.)

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE (100 min.)

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN (80 min.)

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK (70 min.)

Produced by Universal-International. Distributed by United World Films, Inc., 105 E. 106th St., New York, N. Y. Rental for each film, $17.50.

These W. C. Fields movies didn't make a great pile of money, as Hollywood features go, and Fields himself could never understand why they didn't play in first-run prestige theatres. His biographer, Robert Lewis Taylor ("W. C. Fields, His Follies and Fortunes," Doubleday, 1949), while obviously an ardent admirer of the juggler-comedian, writes that Fields's producers deserve considerable honor "for continuing to turn out products of his that defied every law of the industry." The recent successes of Fields's revivals in small theatres all over New York City may do a little to encourage the big studios to permit more of Fields's kind of free-wheeling. Now it comes as a happy discovery to find that these four films are available for 16mm. showings.

Fields's peculiar ideas about justice and liberty and respectability stand out in every line he rumbles out of the side of his mouth, in every tilt of his cocky head, in every gesture and strut. "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," his biographer notes, was one of his own favorite slogans, for he regarded himself in no small way as the victim whose mighty defenses struck down every poor swindler who ever paid fifty cents to see a sword swallower. In the film he appears as Larson E. Whipsnade, just one of the hundreds of criminally ridiculous names he used on the screen and in real life. Around him are dummy Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen, a circus menagerie, and a society family into which his daughter is supposed to marry. In every Fields movie there is at least one scene that can be called "the scene." In this one it is the Bel-Goodie's ball which Whipsnade imperiously crashes, showing mercy to no one. His mission completed, and having rendered his hostess unconscious if not delirious, he makes a dashing getaway in a Roman chariot, cloak and all, across the state line.

"Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" was, as all of these films, Fields's own creation, title, and plot, written under the pen name of Otis Criblecoblis. Taylor, pointing out that the synopsis of the film was composed on the back of a grocery bill, for which he successfully demanded that the studio pay him $25,000, calls it "as grotesque a travesty of a plot as he could contrive in the brief time allotted to him." The singing child star Gloria Jean appears as Fields's niece and ward, and Fields's real contempt for children (neither children nor dogs ever liked him), as well as his disrespect for Hollywood plots (also mutual), show themselves to Fields's advantage throughout the film. One non sequitur follows another in rapid absurdity, and anyone who could successfully summarize the film on the back of a grocery bill deserves $25,000.

"My Little Chickadee" presents Fields with the Loyal Opposition, Miss Mae West, co-author and co-star. A mild tale of the Wild West, this film gives Fields (Cuthbert J. Twillie) an excellent chance to relate some favorite stories, take a hand or two of poker, wrestle with the lady's feather boa, and pursue her with indifferent diligence. Miss West does all right for herself, too, especially when shooting down attacking Indians from a moving train and later as substitute teacher in a class of male post-adolescents.

But the all-star Fields film is "The Bank Dick," which he wrote under the name of Mahatma Kane Jeeves. (There must have been hundreds of Fields names. Taylor writes that at one time Fields had more than 300 different bank accounts in cities and towns all over the world, entered under whatever odd-sounding name happened to strike him at the time.) "The Bank Dick" gives Fields a memorable role—loafer, movie director, unwitting thief-catcher, barfly, embezzler, bank cop, despised and despising husband, father, and son-in-law, Egbert Sousé by name. At the end of the film he has become beloved by his family, respected by the community, high in his own self-esteem—in short, a millionaire.

While Fields's comedy is only rarely in a class with Chaplin's, he had no challenger in the nonchalant art of putting heel to crumpled paper napkin, nor high silk hat to upturned cane, nor alcoholic "depth bomb" to loving lips. Movie-goers who still prize comedy will find many rewards in these films. In even the weakest we find riches, carefully stashed away in hundreds of places. Only Fields's own expletives are sufficiently expressive—"Godfrey Daniel! . . . Mother of Pearl!"

—CECILE STARR.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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TV: AN INTERIM SUMMING-UP

(*Continued from page 8*)

force of far greater magnitude and potentiality than any of its combined ingredients.

This raises another innocent-sounding but highly significant question: "What is television useful for?" The answer—which ultimately may run into hundreds of uses—has been largely obscured to date, because of it having been taken for granted that television is the greatest advertising medium ever, and that's that.

There is no doubt that television's capacity for showing and demonstrating products-in-use makes it highly suited to the advertising and merchandising of all manner of goods and services. But these, together with TV's other forceful attributes, also make it comparably potent for many other uses.

EDUCATORS are keenly aware that television removes in one fell swoop most of the mechanical barriers to correspondence-school efforts to widen adult or nonclassroom education and thus makes it technically possible, in the language of the pulp-magazine ads, to "get a college education at home." Via television it is possible to project almost any sort of educational subject matter—lectures, exhibits, experiments, demonstrations, and even field trips and examinations —outside the classroom.

Declares George Jennings, director of the Radio Council of the Chicago Public Schools, which already operates its own educational FM radio station, "If FM is any indication of what TV will do in the classroom, we educators have a medium almost overwhelming in its educational possibilities." Paul Walker, vice-chairman of the FCC, sums his views up in the flat statement, "The potentialities of television in the field of education are nothing less than breathtaking." The biggest remaining barrier is how to pay for these great new educational potentialities via television.

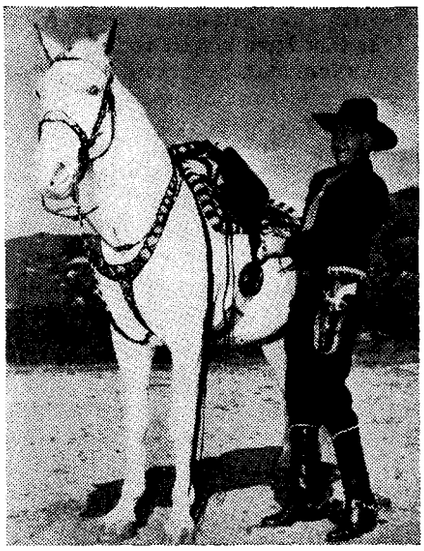
Without waiting for the full answer, some medical schools are already experimenting with televising surgery demonstrations so as to enable more students to view the delicate process. Syracuse University has recently installed a completely equipped television studio which is used both as a "television classroom" and for commercial telecasting via the local transmitter, WSYR-TV. Iowa State College has gone whole hog and has its own television station with which it is leading the educational league in TV's academic and public-service uses.

What else we can and will do with television is limited only by our imagination, ingenuity — and one other thing, money. It may not sound very cultural, but it is at least realistic to recognize that the cold logic of economics is determining, and will continue to determine, more of the future of television than will its "socially useful potentialities." The history of radio and also of the movies both point up the fact that it is not truly a question of "What is television useful for?"; it is fundamentally a question of "What uses of television can we pay for, and how?" Thus far advertising has provided the sole economic base upon which our entire broadcasting structure has been built.

There is nothing wrong with this practice from the point of view of its economics; without the stimulus of advertising our mass-production, mass-consumption economy would fall apart at the seams. But along with this economic opportunity to use radio (and now television) as an advertising medium and thus pay its bills, the advertisers have shouldered a heavy—and sometimes painful—social responsibility for the programming itself.

Radio give-away programs, sob-saturated soap operas, and the morning harangues of husband-and-wife teams are scarcely as edifying or culturally uplifting as grand opera, lectures on the great books, or Shakespearean drama. But the former programs sell more goods, because they attract more listeners.

It can be argued—and it is, with gusto—that thus to give the most people what they want is the fair and democratic thing for radio to do. But loudly comes back the echo that it is the advertiser in this process and not the public who make the programming decisions; that they are made on crass commercial grounds, and that the advertisers have thus captured and bastardized the great cultural force of radio.



"Latest thing: Hopalong wallpaper."

Could be; but when the argument moves to television, where precisely the same situation has prevailed to date, the issues become intensified by this urgent matter of television's greater impact.

Housewives can presumably take their soap operas or leave them alone. But with children mesmerically glued to the television screen for as much as twenty-seven hours per week (by actual average count in a recent survey in Stamford, Conn.) the argument becomes less academic. Never has a generation of impressionable youngsters been instructed on the best ways to commit murder, mayhem, and bank robbery as demonstrably as they have of late on television. Merely to contemplate what color television will add to the gory details is another way of appreciating the social dynamite latent in the question of who is going to dominate television program decisions? It poses far more than a $64 question about "What are we going to do with television?"

IT is scarcely even a $2 question as to what all we could do with this communications marvel that can bring the world of sight and sound and all the arts and sciences into the lowliest of man's castles. It's the old question of how to pay the price of admission.

Because television has so far followed slavishly in the economic footsteps of radio, it is again the advertisers who are making the costly, even if unimaginative, effort to provide "free" television the same way they have provided "free" radio. But the price tags on television programs seem to come only in the large uneconomical size.

Because the eye-and-ear are more demanding than the ear alone, television cannot indulge in many of the

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 856)

S. H. HOLBROOK:
THE YANKEE EXODUS

The summer of the Yankee's dynamic expansion and exodus is largely done. Nor does it matter overmuch; for the Yankees left the barns and the storehouses of the nation well filled—filled with assorted abilities and notions.

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effective but inexpensive program tricks that have helped radio to prosper. Stimulated by hearing (but not seeing) a few radio sound effects, our imaginations have supplied us with endless villains, heroes, and mental scenery — all created exactly to our own special tastes. Television has to supply all of the scenes, costumes, and characters in the flesh, and many is the new television fan who discovers that he liked his own mental radio villains and heroines better.

Radio has coined money out of "bargain-basement" programs like the soap opera, the disc jockey, and the ad lib chit-chat of a favorite personality or a husband-and-wife team. None of these are effective on television unless great cost is spent on making them "lookable" as well as listenable. In its search for low-cost alternatives television has come up so far with such saddening substitutes as obsolete movies, even more obsolete wrestlers, and "roller derbies" which are a sort of cross between a stampede on skates and legalized manslaughter.

Happily, there have been enough good television programming techniques devised—such as the puppet shows for children—to spur on the search. But with the experience to date has come the sobering realization that television is the most insatiable consumer of new talent in the history of the arts. Metropolitan New York's seven TV stations are already broadcasting 424 hours of program per week, which is three hours more than all the feature pictures made in Hollywood during the whole year of 1949. And it is no comfort to TV producers that any attempt to economize by "faking" or skimping on scenery or rehearsals shows up like a bandaged digit.

There is hope perhaps in the fact that there is nothing wrong with television programming that m o n e y couldn't cure. But who's got *that* much money? A further comparison with the movies will give you some idea of what's involved.

Not only is television sort of like a movie in your home, but it costs "sort of like a movie" to produce a television show. It costs at least $2,000 per minute to produce even a "pot boiler" motion picture. The "good" movies cost from $15,000 to $30,000 (and up) per minute.

Since it requires essentially the same ingredients of sets, staging, costumes, technicians, and talent to produce a television show, comparable results could cost as much. Indeed, it can be worse because the movie producers leave their mistakes on the cutting-room floor, whereas the television producer must rehearse his program's mistakes out in advance. Otherwise you may see and hear them on your living-room screen with results that upset both you and the censors. Then there is the added cost of the time on the television station or network to broadcast the program after it is produced.

If television programming to date has been poor—and that's hardly the word for it—the reason should be obvious. Budgets available for television shows have ranged from 50 per cent down to 1 per cent of what Hollywood requires for the same amount of entertainment. Hollywood at least has a chance to get its high-priced bait back via the movie-house box office. But everybody in television—the artists, the TV station, the owners of the coaxial cables (which rent for $35 per mile per month), the advertising agency—all have to send their bills to one place, to the advertising sponsor. When Bob Hope made his debut on television the sponsor, Frigidaire, got a bill for $135,000. Other advertisers have written checks for $25,000 to $50,000 for single broadcasts and have paid over $1,000 simply for spot announcements.

In spite of these fees FCC figures report that television broadcasting lost $24,000,000 in 1949 — which is $9,000,000 more than was lost the year before. According to *The New York Times* only six of the stations on the air made a profit last year.

As a net result of such arithmetical handwriting on the wall, those responsible for television programs are running out of fingernails to bite even before television has arrived in half the nation. Even with such costs—and losses—scarcely half of the current set owners will concede that they are "satisfied" with present television programming; and various minorities—especially mothers of younger children—are up in arms over some of the shows.

The television people well know that good programming, even more than cheaper sets and additional stations, holds the key to TV's future.

On this score the author has calculated, using existing costs, that to provide nationwide television service

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

NOVELIST, POET, PLAYWRIGHT (1728-1774)

After identifying the fifteen literary characters briefly described below, print their names in the spaces just above the descriptions. The initial letters will spell the name of a noted English man of letters. Allowing twenty-five points for his name and five for each of the characters identified, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 32.

1. — — — —
   Scandinavian god of wisdom, poetry, war, and agriculture.
2. — — — — — — — — —
   Scotland Yard ace who often consulted Sherlock Holmes.
3. — — — — — — — — —
   This fairy married a Lord Chancellor.
4. — — — — — —
   Twin sister to Sebastian in "Twelfth Night."
5. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
   Adored, revered, and eventually wed by Jane Eyre.
6. — — — — — — — — — — —
   This scientist fed his daughter on poisons.
7. — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
   This nine-year-old girl was only forty feet high.
8. — — — — — — — — —
   He related a bit of history to his two grandchildren.
9. — — — — —
   Scandinavian god of strife and spirit of evil.
10. — — — — — — — — —
    Above his head a sword was suspended by a thread.
11. — — — — — — — — — — —
    This boyhood friend of David Copperfield proved a villain later.
12. — — — — — —
    He had a golden touch.
13. — — — — — — — — — — —
    To Sherlock Holmes she is always *the* woman.
14. — — — — — — — —
    This noble Englishman was brought up by a tribe of apes.
15. — — — — — — — — — —
    This valet was buried, by mistake, in Westminster Abbey.

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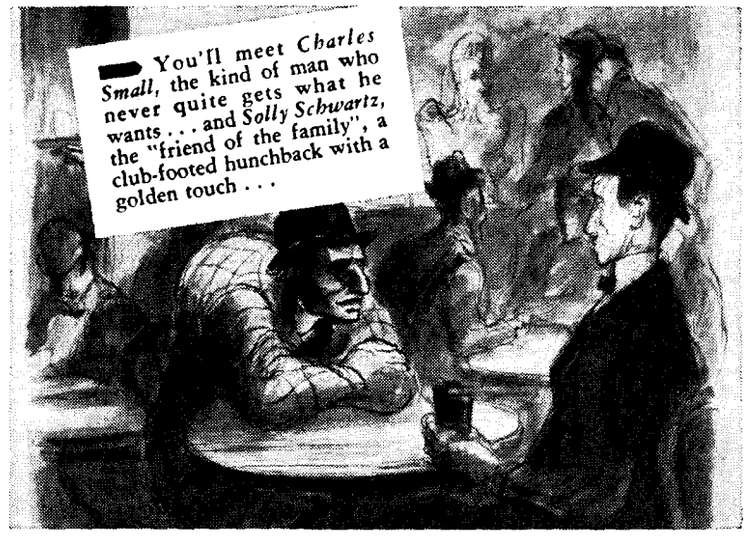
in the form of seventy hours of programs per week, of about the same variety we now have, on 1,000 stations—and at a reasonable profit to the stations—would cost $1,740,500,000 per year.

This much television would have to sell $80,000,000,000 worth of goods in order to be paid for out of advertising revenue, as advertising dollars are now budgeted. Even if such estimates are 50 per cent wrong, they raise real doubt that advertising alone can provide the amount or the variety and kind of programs that people are loudly led to believe they will see on their television sets.

It is almost a certainty that advertisers will not choose to sponsor more opera, fine music, education, or other culturally uplifting programs on television than they have on radio. Thus their dilemma of being responsible for the social consequences of TV simply because they pay for it will grow longer and sharper horns. These same horns have been prodding people for years to devise some additional means of paying for the many kinds of programs or uses for radio—and now television—that cannot be profitably sponsored by advertising.

The answer is tantalizingly easy but it has thus far defied accomplishment. What is obviously needed is a method for collecting from the listener or the viewer for certain specific programs that he or she would be willing to pay for. If this were possible then the thousands of people who want to see the opera or a play or a movie or a major sports event at home on their television set could do so for a fee, just as they now pay a fee at the customary box office which stands between the customer and the desired entertainment. Those who choose to see some other advertiser-sponsored television program free could do so.

Many thoughtful people have been quick to see the revolution that would come about if television could be given a box office in the home. This would convert a miracle of communication into an even greater miracle of distribution. In pursuit of this objective the search for a suitable subscription key which would unlock broadcasting from its economic dependence on advertising sponsorship alone has gone on for over twenty years. Many suggestions for paid programs collected for via coin-operated receivers, coded signals, or annual-use fees from set owners have been made. None have worked out. Of the lot only the sending of the broadcast on a scrambled signal, for which the customer would rent an unscrambler, seemed to have possibilities. But the ease of obtaining bootleg unscramblers always discouraged the idea—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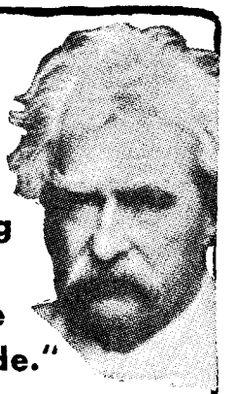

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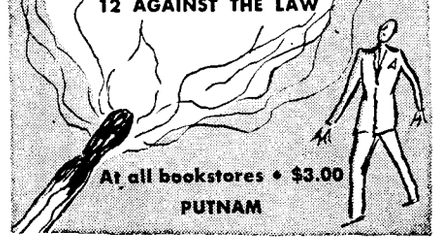

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at least as far as radio was concerned. With television the challenge and the potentialities of such a system grew far greater.

Finally after years of research this tantalizing riddle has been solved to this extent. For the past four years the Zenith Radio Corporation has had in experimental operation in Chicago a system of coded television that technically at least will do all of the things necessary to give television a box office and thus free this communication and distribution genie from its economic chains. After so long a search the solution is surprisingly simple and virtually foolproof.

This new television mousetrap is called "Phonevision." You might say that it was named after its parents—the telephone and television. Here is how it works:

A Phonevision signal is transmitted just as is ordinary television, and will appear on the screen of a regular television receiver tuned to a Phonevision station. You as a viewer can make out what is happening on the screen, but you will be startled to discover that the image wiggles as if the actors had St. Vitus dance.

If you wish to see the image settle down so that you can enjoy the movie, football game, play, educational feature, or whatever is being broadcast, you must call the Phonevision station on your telephone. At your request a key part of the signal (the absence of which is what is giving your TV screen the willies) will be sent over your telephone and into your television set via a small wire connection.

This will not interfere with ordinary use of your phone at any time but it will supply the "missing link" necessary to clear the image on your television screen, and thus you can see and enjoy the program which you have ordered.

Phonevision is not so much a technical miracle; the real potential dynamite in Phonevision is its economic significance. It would finally solve the problem of how to collect for those many desirable uses that could be made of television but which cannot be profitably sponsored by advertisers. Via Phonevision you could be charged for the television programs you choose to see. Your monthly "Phonevision bill" would serve as the box office. Sample inquiries among public groups in several states indicate that from 49 per cent to 76 per cent of the people would welcome such a television service sight unseen, and 83.5 per cent of some 25,000 people in twenty-five cities said they would pay to see movies at home via Phonevision at $1 per movie.

The Federal Communications Commission first licensed Zenith to begin experimenting with test transmissions of Phonevision in 1946, and has now licensed a full-fledged public test of service this fall in Chicago. During the test 300 families will serve as Phonevision guinea pigs for ninety days to find out how frequently they will pay a $1 fee so that the whole family can go to the movies at home via television. (Fifty-one thousand people have applied for a chance to participate in the test.)

Although knowledge of Phonevision's existence has been widespread in the scientific and business worlds for several years, Government permission for this test seems suddenly to have awakened a lot of interested parties to its official existence and to its full potentialities. A magazine editor, having viewed Phonevision in operation, decided editorially that sociologists had better take note—there was a revolution brewing.

The sociologists are taking note—and so are the economists, businessmen, bankers, and others. But most of all it is the movie makers who seem also to have decided that Phonevision is a revolutionary force. What they can't decide is which side of the revolution to join.

For years the film makers have looked wistfully at the more than 60,000,000 Americans old enough to be potential movie patrons but who just won't seem to go to the local theatre with any regularity. Only about 12,000,000 people see even the most "stupendous colossal extravaganzas," as Hollywood calls its more expensive films. Now, with "free" television and other factors having whittled away nearly a fourth of the weekly theatre audience that the movies had at the end of the war the producers are growing almost frantic. The average value of their stock has dropped 40 per cent in three years while television stocks have gone up over 300 per cent. Domestic profits are down and much of their valuable foreign market for American films has been lost. Small wonder that the producers should be fascinated by the mere prospect of selling more films to more people in their homes via Phonevision than they ever did in theatres.

The main losers in this new arrangement are of course the local theatres, and there will never be any Phonevision if they can help it! Currently

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Odin. 2. Lestrade. 3. Iolanthe. 4. Viola. 5. Edward Rochester. 6. Rappaccini. 7. Glumdalclitch. 8. Old Kaspar. 9. Loki. 10. Damocles. 11. Steerforth. 12. Midas. 13. Irene Adler. 14. Tarzan. 15. Henry Leek.

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they are threatening to boycott any movie producer who even rents Zenith a film for its Government-authorized test of Phonevision.

Not quite as uneasy but equally curious about its potentialities, advertising men have also been exploring the revolutionary prospects of Phonevision. Just as the exhibitors urge Hollywood to increase picture budgets, similarly advertising men are always urging advertisers to increase their advertising appropriations—especially for television. But the advertisers say that if television is such an advertising miracle, it should enable them to sell more goods with less advertising money.

The Phonevision people have hopped into this argument with one of their own to show that box-office use of television can help this new medium realize its true potentialities as an advertising force. Because good television programming is so costly, it takes huge audiences of potential customers for the sponsoring product to make it pay. For the national advertiser particularly this means many stations and many set owners.

But on the prospects to date of profitable operation from advertising alone fewer stations will be built (with none at all in smaller cities). And if advertising-sponsored programs reach no higher interest level than radio—or TV so far—there will be less reason to buy sets or to look at the programs.

Contrast this gloomy prospect, say the Phonevisionists, with the enormous added revenue that stations would receive by using part of their time for paid-for broadcasts, just as they now sell time for advertising purposes. This would add a second major source of income and profit and finally put broadcasting on a par with magazines and newspapers, which receive subscription income as well as advertising revenue.

Those in favor of some form of subscription television also point to the added incentive to buy a TV set if, besides receiving better advertising-sponsored shows "for free," the owner can also buy admission for his whole family to the movies, the World Series, the opera, or the circus for less than he now pays to go alone. What's more, they argue, the customer doesn't "go" at all; these marvels of the age are delivered to his living room.

Americans today have about 85,000,000 radios, 28,000,000 home telephones, 36,000,000 automobiles, and they are buying 100,000 television sets per week. They have shown a willingness to pay admission charges above $1 to see movies and above $5 to see plays, baseball and football games, and other spectacles, plus the added costs of going to a special theatre or arena for the purpose. All told, Americans spend over $4,000,000,000 on amusement annually, according to the U.S. Department of Commerce.

In every instance when they have been queried a heavy majority of people have indicated a willingness to pay for comparable entertainment brought to their homes via television—and a strong desire for such service.

Now, assuming that there is a rapidly achievable market for 25,000,000 Phonevision sets (which will cost approximately $10 more than an ordinary television set) and that the families owning these sets would buy $2.50 worth of box-office programs per week over and above the free sponsored programs they will continue to see, the resulting $3,250,000,000 is more than was spent last year to produce all the stage plays, movies, and radio programs, write all the novels, and play all the big-league baseball games put together.

There should be some reasonable expectation, therefore, that Phonevision stands a chance of delivering television from the economic shackles of

The Criminal Record

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
CAT AND MOUSE *Christianna Brand* (Knopf: $2.50)	Writer for London girl's magazine visits wild Wales, hunts up love-lorn correspondent, and is saved from wily killer by sardonic sleuth.	Welsh atmosphere, lingo, and people enchanting, plot supersnaky, action incessant, and suspense horrifically hair-raising.	Tops
JEWELS FOR A SHROUD *Walter De Steiguer* (Morrow: $2.50)	Head of posh 5th Ave. gemporium slickly slain. Detective Farrington has many suspects but finally closes with subtle slayer.	Not much mystery here, but plentiful thrills, much inside dope on jewel selling—and stealing—ample rough stuff—and superheated writing.	Thriller

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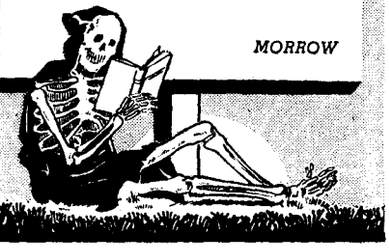

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costly programming that now bind the feet of this infant giant.

There is equally reasonable expectation that this new way of delivering intelligence-for-a-fee holds promise of breaking other economic shackles that restrict our cultural progress. It is hardly surprising that educators are cautiously but urgently hopeful that it is at least one possible alternative to accepting Federal subsidy of the vast amount of higher education that people would like to have, and would pay for, if they could conveniently fit it into their lives—preferably at home.

Perhaps the most realistic conclusion to reach about the possibilities of Phonevision or some comparable type of box-office television at the present time is to give Americans their just dues as the greatest new mousetrap artists of all time. We have been able to devise more gadgets and more enjoyable things to do with them—and more profitable ways to make money selling them—than anybody in history.

Radio was one of our greatest gadgets, and not only have we devised ways to sell one radio set for every two pairs of ears in the land, we then used the radios to fill the ears full of persuasion to buy billions of dollars' worth of other goods and gadgets.

Now with television we have a still better gadget to sell, and with this one we can even show the customers all manner of wondrous things they should buy. But this progress has only whetted the long-thirsting desire to put a cash register on both ends of this communications marvel so that it can be used to deliver programs to specific customers who will pay for them directly as well as give away programs to anyone who will listen or look, in the faint hope of selling him something other than the program.

With Phonevision this trick has been technically turned. The new mousetrap now awaits the pleasure of the FCC as to what commercial application may be made of it. Considering the economic problems that face television without a box office, to say that a nation of enterprisers who dote on doing things the easy way will not make some extraordinary economic and cultural uses of this new technique is to fly in the face of both Yankee logic and American nature.

At least it opens up prospects of some answers to the vital question "What are we going to do with television?" that are more exciting than "Sell more soap!"

Millard C. Faught, a New York management consultant, is the author of "Some Billion Dollar Questions About Television," "Economic Problems in the Community," and other books.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 857

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

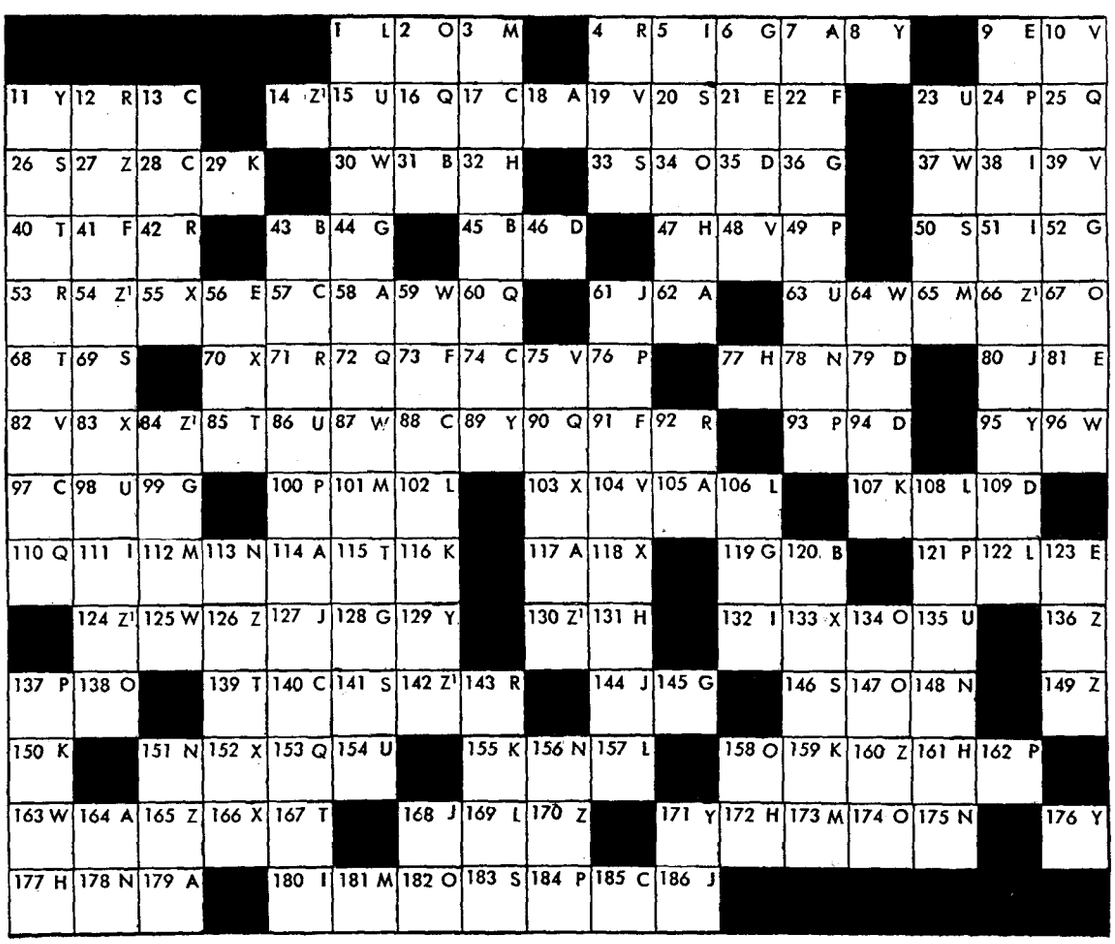
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Town of Dr. Samuel Johnson's birth.	114 117 7 179 62 58 18 164 105
B. Capital of Rumania before 1861, and temporarily during World War I.	45 31 120 43
C. To suggest faintly or obscurely.	28 140 57 17 13 88 74 185 97
D. Family of 17th-century Dutch architectural painters in Antwerp, esp. of church interiors.	46 79 109 94 35
E. Romance of the South in Revolutionary War, W. G. Simms, 1856.	21 81 123 56 9
F. Grandmother of Timothy, who helped along his learning (Bib.).	41 91 73 22
G. Rudely scratched inscription, found on rocks, vases, etc.	128 99 6 145 52 119 44 36
H. Pertaining to the interior of the ear.	172 32 77 131 47 177 161
I. Neglect of an opportunity to dismiss, or score against, an opponent (sports).	132 5 38 111 51 180
J. Dangerous imaginary creature in Lewis Carroll's "Hunting of the Snark."	168 144 61 80 127 186
K. Inquiry; investigation.	150 116 107 29 159 155
L. French painter best known for religious paintings (1692-1768).	108 102 106 1 122 169 157

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Asiatic tree with pulp of a pleasant flavor (*Baccaurea Sapida*).	181 173 112 65 3 101
N. Birthplace of John Wesley.	175 113 151 156 148 178 78
O. A rawhide, esp. of buffalo, used for saddlebag by Plains Indians.	158 147 67 134 34 138 174 2 182
P. Forest village where Armistice of World War I was signed, Nov. 11, 1918.	24 49 100 137 93 121 184 162 76
Q. Homage; flattery (figuratively).	90 153 110 16 60 72 25
R. Play by Ben Jonson (mod. sp.).	143 4 53 12 42 92 71
S. To permit to drift off by letting out a line (naut.; 2 wds.).	20 26 183 141 33 146 50 69
T. A distinctive impression.	167 40 85 115 139 68
U. To dart along.	23 63 86 154 135 98 15
V. Robert Schumann's symphony in E-flat major.	19 48 75 104 39 82 10
W. A favorable opportunity.	59 87 30 163 37 64 96 125
X. A strict military disciplinarian, commonly depreciatory.	55 152 70 83 133 166 103 118
Y. Small, swift, racing dog, developed 19th century.	176 129 11 171 95 8 89
Z. English musician and composer, organist at St. Paul's, London (1796-1838).	160 136 170 149 126 165 27
Z.[1] Interval of rest.	54 66 142 14 84 130 124

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 29 of this issue.

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SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

IMPRESSIONS

SOME of the more elderly phonophiles may be pardoned for stroking their silky beards and murmuring "This is where we came in" with the appearance this month from London of four Handel "Concerti Grossi" in performances by the Boyd Neel Orchestra conducted by the only man who ever conducts the Boyd Neel Orchestra—namely, Boyd Neel. But instead of coming off stacks and stacks of records as they did in the old days, the first four concerti grossi of Opus 6 are neatly grouped on two ten-inch LP's—and how they sound! Grand, that's all.

For this nostalgia, we may be pardoned the recollection that it is more than a dozen years ago since English Decca, then a small company of idealists, as it is now a large company of same, let it be known that Boyd Neel had been commissioned to put on record the first complete issue of these works. There was then available No. 6 by Weingartner and a piece of No. 12 cherished by Koussevitzky as an odd-side filler to demonstrate the string tone of the Boston Symphony. One volume of Boyd Neel performances appeared before the war turned his attention to other things; and it was long years before the project was completed under English Decca auspices on *twenty-five* twelve-inch records, prohibitive at import prices. Then came the Busch Chamber Players with a brusque treatment that roused the attention but didn't satisfy the senses, even in the improved LP form.

It is, therefore, something like historic justice that Boyd Neel has been given the second chance all too rarely granted mere humans to realize a cherished objective. The original discs are not available for confirmation of the first impression, but it is my feeling that the conductor's special feeling for these works, his response to their force, richness, and detail has matured, the play of idea and sound being grander and more brilliant than in the past. Some of this may be due to the string sound itself, which is all luminosity and sheen, with a depth of bass, a justice of treble truly Handelian. When Neel has completed this mission, and Landowska hers, the phonophiles of two continents may justly join in flashing "Well done" to both.

—IRVING KOLODIN,
MUSIC EDITOR.

SEPTEMBER 1950

ARTICLES

New Music from the ECA ..... EDWIN C. ALDRICH 39
Four Years in 4/4 ..... JOHN L. FELL 41
More Voices from Vienna 43
Adamant Again ..... C. G. BURKE 44
Enduring Sessions ..... ARTHUR BERGER 53
Italian Rebels—Part II ..... JOHN P. MCKNIGHT 54
A Mozart Miscellany ..... IRVING KOLODIN 56

REVIEWS

Franz: Songs (Elisabeth Schumann)
Schumann: "Dichterliebe" (Harrell)
Wolf: Songs (Thebom)
Hummel: Septet (Holletschek *et al*) — IRVING KOLODIN ... 46
Smetana: "Aus meinem Leben" (Szell)
Beethoven: Concerto No. 1 (Gieseking)
Elgar: Concerto for cello (Pini) .. ROLAND GELATT 47

DEPARTMENTS

RECORDINGS Reports: Classical LP's and Albums 48
Recordings for the Young ..... CHARLES LEONHARD 49
The Other Side ..... THOMAS HEINITZ 50
Some Highs and Lows ..... EDWARD TATNALL CANBY ... 52
Hits and Misses ..... WILDER HOBSON 55
Pop Roundup ..... BILL SIMON 57
Letters to the RECORDINGS Editor 59

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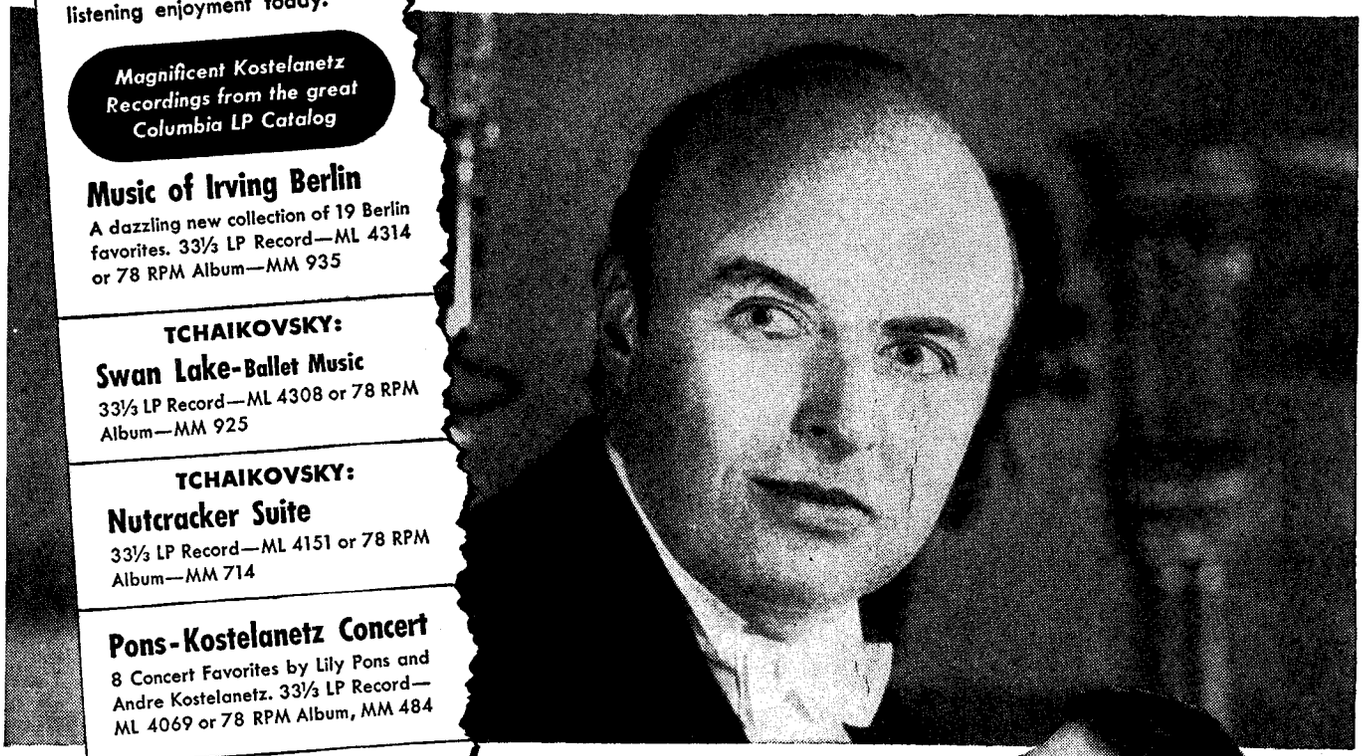

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The Saturday Review of Recordings

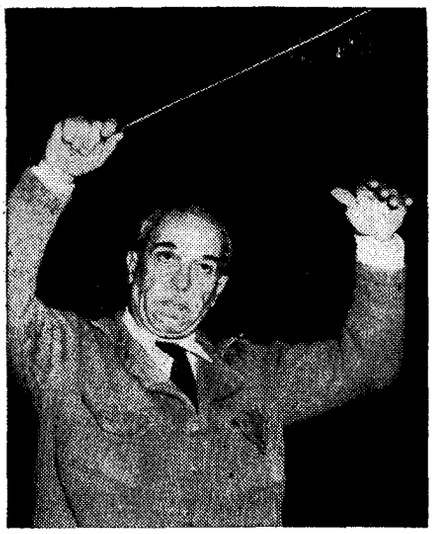
New Music from the ECA

EDWIN C. ALDRICH

SOMETHING new in European symphonic music that Americans might have waited years to hear —or might never have heard at all— is being offered in a weekly radio series sponsored by the Economic Cooperation Administration. In New York, Station WQXR will inaugurate the series on September 2 with the Austrian program, from 4:05 to 5:00 P.M., and will present the rest of the series, country by country, at the same hour on succeeding Saturdays.

In case you are wondering why a Government agency should concern itself with the sponsorship of European symphony orchestras, there is a logical answer. ECA considers the minds of men as important as their bodies and equally in need of nourishment. At the same time that ECA is helping to feed, clothe, house, and employ millions of Western Europeans, it is exerting itself to make sure that Europe's magnificent cultural tradition is strengthened.

One of ECA's principal concerns has been the political and economic integration of the Marshall Plan countries in order that they may work together for their common good. And radio was naturally one of the most important media for promoting this unification of Western Europe. Wallace Gade, ECA radio chief in the U. S., and Edward Gruskin, his counterpart in Europe, hit upon the universal language of music as the basis for a program with intra-European national appeal. News of their plans reached Ted Cott, then president of the Independent Broadcasters Association in this country, who suggested to the two ECA radio men that a large number of independent producers in the United States might also welcome the idea of introducing their audiences to new music by orchestras of the old world. Gade and Gruskin agreed, whereupon Cott plugged the idea in his monthly bulletin to the independents. As a result of this tiny promotion, 250 stations wrote in asking for the program.



Philotetes Oikonomedes conducting the Greek State Symphony Orchestra — "perseverance triumphed over politesse."

Thus encouraged, ECA dispatched its radio producer, Margaret O'Neill, on a tour of European capitals in search of talent. She found the Europeans eager for a hearing in the United States and thankful enough for America's economic help to offer their orchestras and music royalties free. Within weeks musical schedules were arranged, recording dates pencilled in, and the engineers alerted. Thus, as a by-product of this excursion of ECA into the musical field, these recordings have been made available to America —without costing the taxpayer a cent.

Have you ever heard of Werner Egk, the controversial German composer, or Svend Erik Tarp, the bright young Dane, or Adnan Saygun, the Turk? Well, you probably will if you are any kind of a radio listener and tune about for good music these summer and autumn nights. For over 300 independent stations will be broadcasting their works on the new fifteen-week program, "Orchestras of the World." This is not to say that "Orchestras" will be wholly concerned with the new and different. But the accent will be on the off-beat; unfamiliar outfits such as the Ankara Philharmonic, the Greek State Symphony, the Radio Eireann Orchestra are on the air to prove their worth.

Producer O'Neill, who is twenty-eight and Irish, had her problems and was sometimes forced into a deep personal struggle to maintain her diplomatic composure. Take the case of the Turks. Miss O'Neill was not able to get down to Ankara, so she tried to arrange the program by airmail. Airmail, however, takes a fortnight from Paris and all questions in Ankara are discussed over coffee. She tried cabling. The cables went unanswered. She tried the telephone. But getting to Turkey by phone is something like trying to reach Hudson Bay by Stanley Steamer. Once you are, in the English idiom, "through" ("Are you through?" "Gracious, no, I've just begun!") and the operator tells you in several languages that the line is clear, you find that the voice from Ankara sounds like the howl of a huskie and no Eskimos around to translate. Even so, arrangements were made—or so Miss O'Neill thought. But ECA engineers who flew across the Continent armed with tape recorders found out differently when they alighted on the Anatolian plateau. The Ankara Symphony, it seemed, had been counting time on the old calendar. They were not prepared. Off flew the engineers with a show to do in Athens. That upset the Turks. It also upset ECA. Two months later the engineers went back and got their show. "We don't cable or phone the Turks anymore," says Miss O'Neill. "We send a man on a man's orders. We don't deadline the Turks, either. But the Turks always do right by us, given time."

IN due course the tapes of the recording sessions began arriving in ECA's studio on rue Pigalle, to be provided with a six-minute commentary on the recovery story in Europe by Frank Gervasi and then edited to fit a fifty-nine-minute pro-

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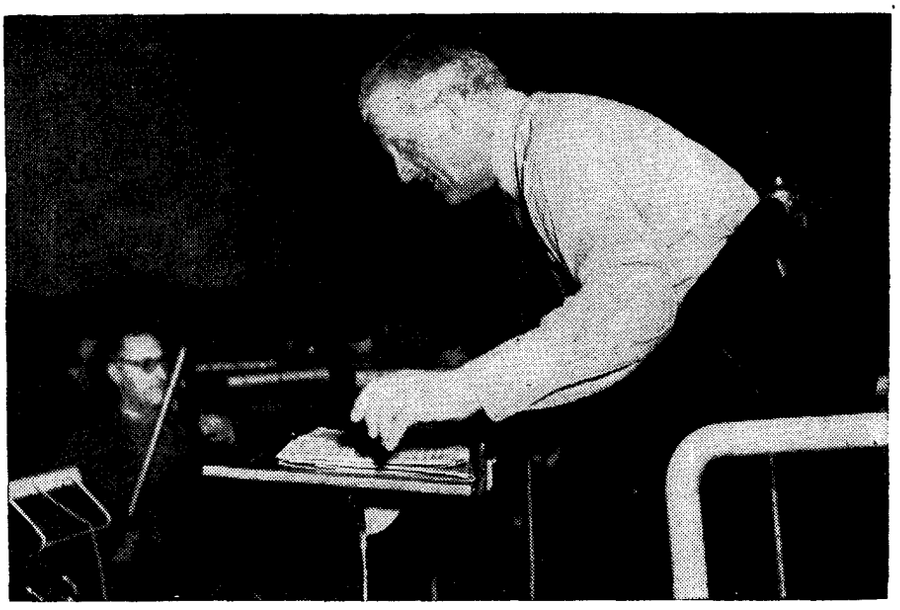
gram schedule. Troubles appeared here, too. For one thing, Paris still suffers from occasional *coupures* of electricity. When that happened, transcribing equipment ground to a discordant halt and a fresh start had to be made. On other occasions, jarring echoes cluttered up the narrative portions of the tape, and the untimely discharge of sanitary facilities in the adjoining building emerged as rumbling thunder. The French engineers also posed a problem. They invariably insisted on shaking hands—all around—with every new arrival and visitor to the studio. This was well understood as a mark of French correctness, but Miss O'Neill clocked forty minutes of hand-shaking in one day. Eventually, perseverance triumphed over *politesse*, stoppages, echoes, and French toilets. The long tapes (tape runs thirty inches to the second in Europe as against speeds one-half or one-quarter that in the U. S., so that there were about thirty miles of them) were shipped to the Electric and Musical Industries studios in London for dubbing on sixteen-inch plastic discs. EMI did its customary first-class, high-fidelity job, and many of the programs have now arrived in the United States.

Because the expenses of cutting the tapes, moving the recording crew from place to place, and doing the dubbing were paid for in what ECA calls "counterpart" funds (i.e., local currencies that the Marshall Plan nations put up to match the amount of American dollars contributed under the plan), the actual cost of the job was negligible. The only real out-of-pocket expenses here in the U. S. are for special delivery stamps to rush the recordings to the radio stations.

ONE rather clear-cut fact emerges after listening to "Orchestras of the World" and that is the vitality of the Scandinavians. Strangely enough—or perhaps it is not so strange—the Norwegians and Danes who suffered so much appear to advantage in comparison with the neutral Swedes even within the Scandinavian group. From Oslo comes a magnificently moving treatment of Grieg's piano concerto, recorded for the first time by a Norwegian orchestra (the Oslo Philharmonic under veteran Odd Gruner-Hegge) and a Norwegian soloist (Ivar Johnsen). The Danish National Radio Symphony, vigorously conducted by Launy Grondahl, is heard in powerful performances of two outstanding contemporary Danish works: the short, mountingly exuberant "Battle of Jericho," by Svend Erik Tarp (Denmark's Bartók), and Knudage Riisager's audacious "Erasmus Montanus" overture, a gay pot-pourri of full orchestral effects and brassy glissandos.



"The vitality of the Scandinavians"—Launy Grondahl and a section of the Danish Radio Symphony.

Under the direction of Sten Frykberg the Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestra features works by six contemporary Swedes. Outstanding in the program is "Midsummer Eve," by Hugo Alfven, a hauntingly melodic, nostalgic composition. "Sunflower," by William Semer, is a romantic melody with rich string tones. In "Froso-Flowers" Wilhelm Peterson-Berger evokes a feeling of carefree gayety and celebration in dance tempo.

The RIAS (call letters of a Berlin station) Symphony, which under young conductor Ferenc Fricsay is taking such a leading part in the German cultural revival, begins its program with a disappointingly cold and mechanical reading of Bach's Second "Brandenburg" Concerto. Thereafter, however, RIAS turns warmly and feelingly to a beautifully rhythmic and flowing performance of Boris Blacher's "Variations on the Paganini Theme," which had seemed to have been exhausted by Brahms. The most turbulent German musical figure of the moment is a self-taught composer named Werner Egk, whose highly successful ballet "Abraxas" [see "Berlin Carries On," RECORDINGS, August] was the rage of Berlin last winter. Fricsay conducts Egk's "French Suite" here and one wonders what all the shouting has been about.

The Turkish program is indicative of what these Near Easterners have done in music since they doffed the fez and donned the fedora. As Exhibit A note Adnan Saygun's "Magic Dance," a workmanlike attempt to blend Turkish classical religious music with European motifs. Turkey's neighbor Greece offers the works of four gifted native composers, the youngest of whom is Antiochis Evangelatos. His "Overture for a Drama" is distinguished by its majestic style and poetic quality. "Adagio from Pastoral," by Marion Vavaglios, is marked by a clarity of expression and finesse peculiar to the works of this composer.

The Portuguese contribution, recorded by the National Symphonic Orchestra, conducts us on a pleasant excursion into what is, for most of us, a musical *terra incognita*. In "Suite Alentejana, No. 1," Luis de Freitas-Branco interprets the brooding *tristesse* of the Alentejana, the lowland region of Portugal on the southern bank of the Tagus. "Portuguese Rhapsody," by Ernesto Halffter, a composer of Spanish birth but for many years a resident of Portugal, combines the themes of a number of haunting folklore melodies in an interesting orchestration marked by abrupt transitions from the liturgical to the maenadic mood. There is a wistful and almost mysterious quality about these Portuguese works that distinguishes them from most European music.

SPACE does not permit listing the 300 independents who will carry these programs. However, in addition to New York's WQXR, WXRT carries it in Chicago, KTW in Seattle, KGBC in Galveston, WFIL in Philadelphia, WCOP in Boston, WMAL in Washington, KFMV in Hollywood, and WIPR in Puerto Rico. Forty-four states in all are covered. Because "Orchestras of the World" is being broadcast by America's independents, it was found impossible to maintain a uniform schedule throughout the nation. (As a matter of fact, it is not particularly desirable.) Consult your daily newspaper, as the saying goes, for time and station. You will be rewarded with some unusual musical experiences.

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Four Years in 4/4

JOHN L. FELL

MUSIC, particularly recorded music, is almost as important in an isolated liberal arts college as *caractère formidable* along MacDougall Alley. That aura of slightly rural sophistication permeating the campus depends upon a good rental record collection nearly as much as upon a well-stocked Gothic library. For many a youth the album or two (or thirty) of Louis, Herman, or Billie Holiday remains for four years a transmuted umbilical chord uniting him with some impossibly distant metropolis and/or home. The Fallacious Five — of which there are sometimes seven—*né* the Blue Blowers, and once the White Bottom Stompers long subsisted in such a fashion.

This loosely formed and precariously governed organization ("Best Dixieland Jazz Band North of Oriskany Falls") traces a history dating from the spring of 1947 when a clarinetist, four trumpeters, and a trombone player found concurrent satisfaction in the sound of a Muggsy Ragtimers ensemble and Mister Johnny Dodds riding high and happy over a Hot Five chorus. With the questionable aid of an inverted washtub and a converted washtub player, the group commenced with lengthy obstreperous renditions of that greatest of all jazz classics, "Blues in B Flat," surreptitiously performed in the basement of a college radio station.

As years passed, the trumpets were graduated, and a pianist was carefully examined ("How do you like Schroeder?") and accepted ("A kid-gloves pianist. I like Waller and Sullivan.") Nearly all the original group disappeared into higher (and presumably duller) fields, but the band continued, its fraternity key fitting the basement door, its cohesion being a mutual love for a certain way of playing tunes of the Twenties and a common knowledge of the idiom. This was an idiom which none had heard at its inception yet all knew intimately through records, hundreds and hundreds of records: the Columbia Hot Jazz Classics, early Victors and Bluebirds, Okehs, Vocalions, Decca albums, little labels — Commodore, Blue Note, Circle Jump, Rampart, Jazz Man, SD, Paradox, Solo Art, out-of-print labels, and the reissues (thank God for the reissues)—Brunswick, Coral Harmony, Jazz Information, Hot Jazz Clubs of America, United Hot Clubs of America, Signature, and finally in 1949 (eureka!) Biltmore.

The records were a constant and resourceful companion, albeit at times an aural monomania revivifying a passion akin to Faustian Ahab's toward his devilish sperm whale. Day and night we played them, between classes, before and after meals, before, during, and after textbook assignments. Therein we gained our musical tradition. Start, for example, with King Oliver's trumpet choruses on "Dippermouth Blues" and the preceding clarinet of Dodds against the stop-time (UHCA 78). Trace Louis' variations (Decca 906), and add Muggsy and Cless (Bluebird 10506), Lawson and Matlock (Decca 4390, as well as Lawson's clandestine version on "Pagan Love Song," Decca 896), Maxie Kaminsky (Blue Note 34), and even Grable's husband (RCA Victor 25698).

Eventually we could beam with pride at our own trumpet's second chorus, which some thought *improved* the melody line by carrying it to a high B flat after the off-beat counter rhythm. Treat similarly "High Society"; a bad clarinetist can't fake it, and I never could get the damn thing straight. There's no acceptable recording of Picou's original version, but you can find Dodds (OK 4933), Ed Hall (Blue Note 28), Bechet and Nicholas in a grand cutting contest (Bluebird 10434), Fazola (Columbia 35678), Matty Matlock (Capitol 10025), and Eddie Miller (Decca 1274). Notice how the good versions almost always play "High Society" as it should be played — a four-to-the-bar march.

We *grafted our own introduction* onto "Royal Garden Blues" but retained the beautiful key change with the clarinet G trill, sprinkled in the Joe Yukl riff (Jump 8), and followed a Bixian last chorus (Columbia 35664). We took Matty Matlock's clarinet chorus out of "Memphis Blues" (Brunswick 80106) and tied it to the final ensemble. We even made a Goodman/Mel Powell duet in "World Is Waiting for the Sunrise" (Commodore 544) do service on "My Melancholy Baby."

Records became our extracurricular education: "Relaxin' at the Touro," Muggsy Spanier and his Ragtime Band (Bluebird 10532): "Hear it build. The most perfectly constructed blues on record—without a waver, an unsure note, or a misplaced sound."

"How Come You Do Me Like You Do?," Miff Mole and his Nixieland Band (Bluebird 80105): "Watch Pee Wee crawl in and out of the beat here, carrying the line to its most impossible, ridiculous, beautiful, logical conclusion. Pee Wee is the greatest."

"Dear Old Southland," Sidney Bechet's Quartet (Blue Note 13): "The most controlled vibrato and the greatest sense of dynamics in the business. Sidney is the greatest."

"Potato Head Blues," Louis Armstrong and his Hot Five (Columbia 35660): "After he's taken that solo, how can he punch out the final ensemble without seeming to stop for breath? Louis is absolutely the greatest."

"I Got Rhythm," Benny Goodman's

"A new trumpet player taught us what . . . discipline might accomplish."

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Sextet (Columbia 36923): "He may have played those identical notes a thousand times, but hear him *fly*. Hail to thee, blithe Benny."

"Davenport Blues," Adrian Rollini and his Orchestra (Decca 359): "Goodman in the final chorus. That's how to use the sixth!"

"Five Point Blues," Bob Crosby's Bobcats (Decca 2108): "Fazola's chorus—always the perfect phrase, and truly a liquid clarinetist."

"I'm Coming, Virginia," Frankie Trumbauer and his Orchestra (Columbia 36280): "Nobody, but nobody, could play a melody as straight as Bix and make it so much his own. Remember Carmichael's description, 'Like hitting little bells.'"

"Summertime," Billie Holiday and her Orchestra (Vocalion 3288): "Billie hitting 'Some of These Days' is like Milton: 'With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way.'"

"Andy's Blues," Joe Sullivan, piano solo (Commodore 540): "Notice how Sullivan, when he's in a bad mood and playing in person, won't let himself finish any of his delicate phrases? How he cuts them off almost with a fist? Now listen to Sullivan when he can let himself alone."

"A Selection from the Cutter," Art Hodes (Commodore 545): "Hodes as completely by himself as any composer ever is."

"Viper's Drag," Fats Waller (RCA Victor 27768): "Fats played with constant delicacy and power. Think of the lyric on 'Your Feet's Too Big': 'Sounds like baby elephant patter.'"

"Rumpus in Richmond," Duke Ellington (RCA Victor 26788): "The sounds in his band, the wonderful, crazy sounds."

"Oh Mistress Mine," Bob Crosby's Bobcats (Decca 2663): "And how Shakespeare would have loved that!"

"I Must Have That Man," Goodman Quartet (RCA Victor 26090): "Krupa is melody and rhythm—like a good trombone."

"Creole Love Call," Duke Ellington (RCA Victor 24861): "If Bubber's trumpet is blue, what color are the three unison clarinets . . and the wordless vocal?"

A new trumpet player (weaned away from Harry James) taught us what loose arrangements, variation, and discipline (ah the lessons of old age!) might accomplish. Chords behind "Black and Blue" while clarinet takes the lead, then break at the bridge. "Riverside Blues" is better within a framework of notation, the plaintive declaration of trumpet and clarinet taking the old Oliver-Armstrong break in thirds. Add trombone hokum to "Georgia Camp Meeting": it's a cakewalk.

The new/old sound hit us from the West Coast. Can't we find a tuba? Then add a bass sax. We discovered Warren Smith again in Pete Daily's band (Capitol). Lu Watters kept the drive (Good Time, Mercury) even after Bob Scobey left, even after Turk Murphy left (Jazz Man, West Coast)! The Firehouse Five (Good Time) was fun and occasionally good, but we growled at their name, especially since they once even called themselves the San Gabriel Blue Blowers.

We really discovered Jelly Roll Morton when one in our midst had the courage (and money) to buy Circle's $120 Library of Congress album set, and henceforth we lived with those forty-five ruby records, especially late at night after jobs when we were too excited and too tired to go to bed. Morton almost left for Columbia Graduate School with his owner, but an excited all-night session with a Presto recorder transferred the vinyl grooves to cellulose acetate. Mister Jelly Roll taught us:

> You may notice that in playing jazz, the breaks are one of the most effective things that you can ever do in jazz. Without breaks and without clean breaks, without beautiful ideas in breaks, you don't need to ever think about doing anything else. If you can't have a decent break, you can't even play jazz.

One learns, too, from audiences. They will shout and squeal "Saints" until you've played it and then squeal "Saints" again, never hearing a note. Audiences can be vicious and uncomfortable, and you can't play without them. I learned anthropology from audiences, also sociology, psychology, and philosophy. Take "She Looks Like Helen Brown." Follow the Daily trick (Capital 60008) and on the second beat of the drum tag's fourth measure, unison slur so that you come out for an additional chorus modulated from B flat to C. Good. Now break every law of musical logic and modulate *back* to B flat for an additional chorus after that. Seesaw back and forth indefinitely; the mass spectator will work himself into a frenzy. Play louder, of course, for each chorus, forgetting that (Jelly Roll again):

> Jazz music is to be played sweet, soft, plenty rhythm. When you have your plenty rhythm with your plenty swing it becomes beautiful. To start with, you can't make crescendos and diminuendos when one is playing triple forte. You got to be able to come down in order to go up. If a glass of water is full, you can't fill it any more. But if you have a half a glass, you have the opportunity to put some more water in it, and jazz music is based on the same principles.

In September, all but the pianist will be gone, and we joke now about how, glass, cigarette, piano, and records in hand, he'll turn to a crowd of new and curious freshmen faces with, "Anybody ever tell you guys about the band we used to have up here?"

John L. Fell is a June 1950 graduate of Hamilton College and at twenty-three is already a veteran of the Army Air Force. "I hope," he writes, "eventually to associate myself somehow with American popular and folk music in such a way that I will be able both to do research and to continue writing." His article was the winning entry in RECORDINGS' *1950 Collegiate Competition.*

The Best of Krips

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 4 in E minor. Josef Krips conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* (London LP 208, $5.95.)

SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 8 in B minor ("Unfinished"). The same.* (London LP 209, $4.95.)

IN all the bright lexicon of LP, I know of no other pair of standard symphonies—certainly not duplicates of these—so essentially satisfying in basic sound, basic sense, and basic utility to a developing repertory. In line with recent progress, we have the generally-accepted London standard of reproduction paired, on LP, with performances of superior taste, musicianship, and expressiveness.

If I am not mistaken, this is the first instance of either the "Unfinished" or the Brahms No. 4 in a recording made specifically for LP (the Columbia predecessors were adaptations), and the buyer may be assured of rich, sonorous sound and beautiful instrumental balance in either. On the whole, I'd say the Brahms is more successful than the Schubert, but that is merely because the color palate is richer, more dazzling in the longer work. Some of the instrumental details in the finale are not worked over as we are accustomed to hear them in American versions, but the musical essence is strongly conveyed. Josef Krips proves himself, in both, the most able disciple known to me of the Weingartner school, with a beautiful feeling for melodic line and unfeigned expressiveness. —I. K.

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More Voices from Vienna

BRAHMS: *Four Songs for Women's Voices (Opus 17); and "Marienlieder." Dr. Reinhold Schmid conducting the Wiener Kammerchor.* (Westminster LP 50-14, $5.95.)

BRUCKNER: *"Te Deum." Joseph Messner conducting the chorus and orchestra of the 1949 Salzburg Festival.* (Festival LP 101, $3.85.)

HAYDN: *"Missa Cellensis in C." Dr. Hans Gillesberger conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra and the Akadamie Chorus.* (Haydn Society LP 2011, $5.95.)

STRAUSS: *"Der Rosenkavalier," excerpts from Act II. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Irmgard Seefried, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Ludwig Weber, and Dagmar Hermann, contralto, with Otto Ackermann conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Columbia LP 2126, $3.85.)

THE long-standing esteem for the kind of string tone cultivated in Vienna seems destined to be expanded to include the human sort, judging from these recent examples of vocal art from the Danube. Whether taken alphabetically, chronologically, or in order of release, there is a pervasive mellowness of sound, a richness of timbre and tone that must represent a local ideal. In contrast to the kind of forced, inflexible tone heard from our native choral entities, each voice in these ensembles retains a self-identity while blending richly with the whole.

I note this particularly in the Brahms, which could, conceivably, be quite meaningless in an oratorio-society approach. Though the "Marienlieder" are more celebrated—no doubt because they have a loftier esthetic aspiration—I am most taken by the songs for women's voices, Opus 17, with two horns and harp. The delicacy of the tints in the writing is beautifully conveyed by the chorus directed by Schmid, with the richly blurred sounds of the horns and the harp melting into a textural pattern rarely considered expectable from Brahms. One regrets taking away something from Britten's "Serenade for Tenor, Horn, and Orchestra" in recognizing this as its spiritual, if not factual, ancestor. At that, the most moving of the settings by Brahms—"The Death of Trenar"—is a plain paraphrase of Schubert's "Tod und Das Mädchen," proving again that nothing alive, whether musical or otherwise, exists without ancestry. The "Marienlieder," here done in the version for mixed voices, attracts me less, though the performance is excellent. I find Brahms's restraint academic, the blandness of sound less a product of impulse than calculation.

The Haydn "Mass" is dated 1782, which means that it is relatively a youthful creation (in the composer's fiftieth year) on the way to the miraculous "Creation" and "Seasons." But, as in the case of the "Lord Nelson Mass," noted in RECORDINGS for March 1950, the musical texture is incredibly rich, the propulsion of musical sound without interruption from start to finish. Here too, the choral quality is less the weight of a hundred voices than the total of their individual expressions. The "Benedictus," written for solo voices, could be the slow movement of a quartet—as it is, in fact, a duet in the Haydn "opera" called "Il Mondo della Luna"—while the "Crucifixus" is as moving as anything in Bach, if not of as much gross displacement. Gillesberger is a conductor new to me, but he conducts with a superb sense of total effect, an impressively consecutive sense of line and proportion. Fine recording.

Those familiar with the Bruckner "Mass" in E minor, available in Capitol and RCA Victor versions in the American market, will have some impression of this "Te Deum"—that is to say, a work of apocalyptic intensity and breadth in its beginning which almost, but not quite, convinces one that the composer is entitled to the high esteem in which he is held by his more fanatical admirers. Some of its tonal cloudbursts are more than the transcription—or at least my Fisher with GE pickup—can take without stuttering a groove or two, but the sound throughout is another remarkable instance of the affection in which the Viennese hold round, sympathetic sound whether it is Lorenz Fehenberger's tenor, the rich alto of Fanny Elsta, or Georg Hann's resonant bass.

In its more mundane aspect, the Strauss disc with Schwarzkopf and Seefried singing the second act duet of Sophie and Octavian gives us the Viennese suavity and warmth in a renewal of standards formerly associated with wraiths named Elisabeth Schumann (see page 46) and Maria Olczewska. Informed opinion differs where Schwarzkopf is concerned—that is, whether she suggests Schumann more than Rethberg, or Rethberg more than Schumann. Being not of dogmatic inclination I will accept the majority vote; but nothing less than a Schumann-Rethberg equation for this fine singer.

The overside concluding scene of Act II has remarkably full and resonant voice by Weber but hardly the amount of characterization desirable. I doubt that a richer, better-disciplined voice for Ochs has been heard on this side of the ocean—or another who could manage its high and low extremes as well—but this part seems vocally unripe until, like cheese, it begins to decay. Not much can be said for the quavery alto who sings Annina. Fine fidelity in the voices and orchestra.

—THE EDITOR.

—Austrian State Tourist Dept.

Mariazell, an Austrian shrine, for whose church Haydn composed the "Missa Cellensis."

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Adamant Again

C. G. BURKE

THE SUPERIORITY of diamond styli to points of other materials has by now been so thoroughly established that the following observations, supplemental to some already published here, risk injuring an accepted theorem by overelaboration. The risk is taken not to accumulate superfluous evidence, but to supply data indicative of the *degree* of superiority inherent in diamonds compared to less durable styli, with emphasis on the economic advantage of the former, and advantage superficially thought to belong to the latter.

It must be confessed that an exact coefficient of superiority has not been ascertained. The evidence shows it to be great and lets a minimum ratio be assumed; but the trouble is that the necessarily slow empirical method used of testing the styli under conditions approximating those in home use has not yet produced any diamond points sufficiently worn to permit a declaration of their longevity.

Diamond is the hardest material known to man; and while the quality of hardness is calculable in several ways, in the consideration of phonograph styli resistance to abrasion is the most pertinent of the several factors. Accepted tests conducted by A. Rosiwal more than fifty years ago (cited in "The Diamond as an Industrial Material," by the brothers Marcus, July issue of *Audio Engineering*) found the resistance to abrasion of diamond ninety times greater than that of sapphire. Photomicrographs embodied in the Marcus study show sapphire and osmium styli very severely misshapen after less than six hours' use on microgrooves, diamond pristine after the same term. After thirty-seven hours a "slight flat was noticed on the diamond." The Marcus tests were not continued long enough to find a ratio of comparative durability: we may simply conclude that it is six times a factor undetermined until abrasion from the diamond tip will have caught up with that from sapphire and osmium.

Experiments made not long ago by a manufacturer of jeweled points—both diamond and sapphire—enabled him to conclude that the longevity of diamond styli compared to that of sapphire is 150 to one, and he discontinued the fabrication of sapphires.

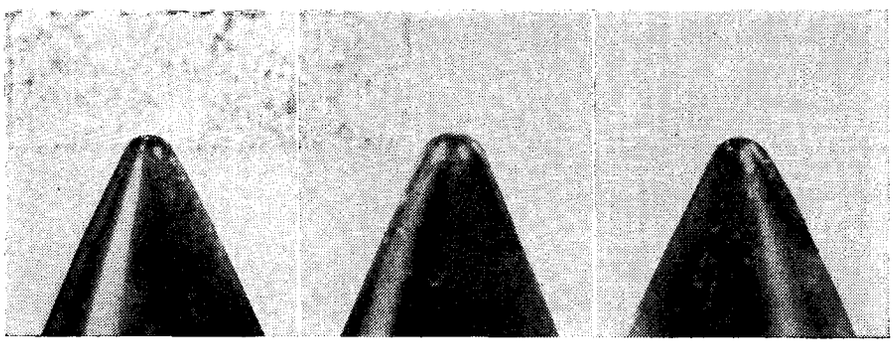
However, both tests were made under conditions of convenience for the tester, not under circumstances usually prevalent in people's homes. All types of styli tested by the Messrs. Marcus show greater wear than those tested by the writer after equivalent use. Their photomicrographs of sapphires show points more horribly distorted than the pictures shown here; and the damage they could detect on a diamond point after thirty-seven hours was less than the present writer could discover under the microscope at a hundred hours. One method presents the relative merits of the different points as fairly as another, but the one employed by this department is intended to give phonophiles a clearer idea of what may be expected from their styli if they are careful of their records; and if it is kind to diamonds it is equally kind to sapphires, which need kindness.

Sapphires are used as the basis of comparison because they are the material most generally used for phonograph styli. If there were no diamonds they would, prudently employed, be satisfactory for 78's; and, very prudently employed, satisfactory for a few playings on microgrooves. Osmium and other metallic substances are inferior to sapphire and should not be used for long-playing records.

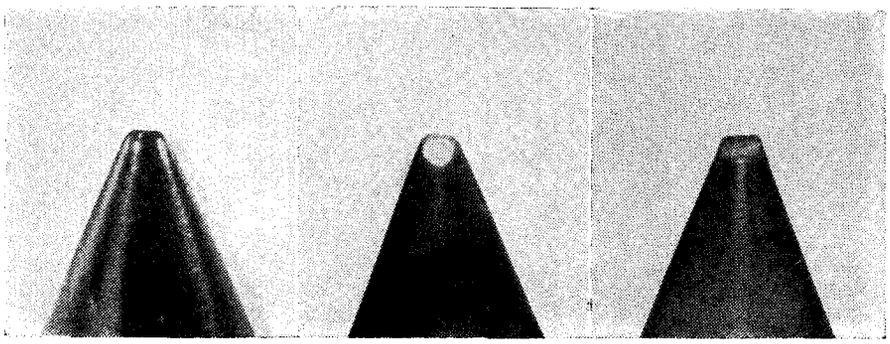
The public owes some acknowledgment to the reticence of manufacturers of diamond styli for not advertising specific claims for the longevity of their product expressed in hours or number of records playable. Indeed the Pickering Company, manufacturing reluctance cartridges equipped with either sapphire or diamond points, limits itself to the cautious declaration that diamond will have a useful life at least *ten* times as long as sapphire. This is in refreshing contrast to the ruthless printed matter of certain purveyors of osmium and sapphire points, who urge the public to ruin their records through the use of these inferior materials for two thousand, three thousand, five thousand, ten thousand playings without change. The Federal Trade Commission has had to take action against some manufacturers guilty of this kind of detestable mendacity. As a result the practice may perhaps be modified: makers of styli capable of three hours' reproduction may circumspectly print a "semi" before the "permanent" hitherto used to describe the premature demise of their ploughshares.

No material is "permanent" and even diamond is subject to wear. The incomplete experiments summarized below indicate that in general it is safe to count a diamond point's longevity in hours when a sapphire's is measured in minutes.

On both sapphire and diamond wear is visible under the microscope before the effects of wear are apprehended by the ear. To the hearing,



One-mil diamonds after fifteen, seventy-three, and 200 hours' use. Left and right were in Pickering cartridge, middle in old-style GE.



One-mil sapphires after three, fifteen, and twenty-six hours' use. Left and middle were in GE cartridge, right in Pickering.

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stylus wear becomes vaguely manifest by an inconstant and somewhat discomforting pejoration of tonal values. Visible wear was evident on *every* sapphire examined after three hours' use on microgrooves. Unmistakable incipient signs of wear, but much less severe than those on sapphire at three hours, became apparent on diamond under the microscope at seventy hours. At two hundred hours the only diamond yet employed that long still shows less wear than the sapphire revealed after three hours (see illustrations on page 44). From this it seems conservative to deduce that a diamond point may be used at least sixty-seven times as long as a sapphire and still be in condition for extended use without discernible injury to records.

Time lag between visible wear and audible deterioration varied, in the case of sapphires, from a little less than an hour to about twelve hours. Here undoubtedly the vagaries of the human ear and differences in the quality of recordings affected the observations; but in any case it is important to remember that only one of eight sapphire styli was able to attain fifteen hours' use without a disturbing alteration of sound. It may also be assumed that after a stylus has begun to produce a serious progressive worsening of sound it is also progressively abrading the records it rides. No audible deterioration was detected from any of the diamonds employed.

Thus fifteen hours being the maximum attained by a sapphire in the aural test, and two hundred hours

having been reached by a diamond with its quality still unaltered, we may only conclude that the ratio of diamond's superiority measured by hearing lies at an unknown point between thirteen and infinity.

However, it leads to a supposition which seems to be of value. Since the best of the sapphires showed considerable wear at three hours but continued to give an apparently unimpaired response until fifteen hours, it is not improper to say that the efficient audible life of a sapphire point is five times as long as the interval between its baptism and the moment when the microscope reveals an appreciable amount of abrasion. It is not unreasonable to extend this supposition to diamond—subject to eventual corroboration by actual experiment—and multiply its demonstrated visual life of more than two hundred hours by five. This would give diamond styli of one-mil radius a life expectancy in excess of 1,000 hours. The visual and aural tests then both indicate diamond's ratio of superiority to be above sixty-seven to one.

The monetary advantage implicit in the purchase of the more expensive but much more durable stone is obvious. The monetary and musical advantages implicit in the use of diamonds on valuable and delicate records are incalculable.

The equipment used and the conditions maintained during the experiments were these: Three-speed Rek-O-Kut turntables, Proctor Arm, GE and Pickering cartridges. Turntables and arms were initially leveled and periodically checked to correct deviation. Stylus pressure was maintained between six and seven grams. Records were of any and all manufacture, chosen by musical whim. Some were maiden; none had been played more than six times. All were cleaned with a damp cloth before use. All were heard throughout their duration. All surfaces were of vinyl. About 5 per cent were 45 rpm's, whose warpage contributes something extra to stylus wear. Real or imagined stylus deterioration was checked by comparison of the same record played with a perfect stylus.

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Recordings in Review

Art Songs and Singers

FRANZ: *"Aus meinem grossen Schmerzen," and seven other songs;* also MENDELSSOHN: *"Das erste Veilchen," etc. Elisabeth Schumann, soprano, with George Schick, piano.* (Allegro LP 51, $3.85.)

SCHUMANN: *"Dichterliebe." Mack Harrell, baritone, with George Reeves, piano.* (RCA Victor album 1387, $4.75; 45 rpm, $3.35; LP 29, $3.85.)

WOLF: *"Auf einer Wanderung," etc. Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano, with William Hughes, piano.* (RCA Victor album 1380, $4; 45 rpm, $3.35.)

WHY these three issues, comprising the bulk (no doubt) of the American industry's lieder for the year, should appear in mid-summer I can't say; unless it is to preserve the fiction that there is no market for fine work of this kind in the United States. I therefore pronounce a general benediction on the three, as altogether worthy of the price asked. The qualifications follow:

Schumann's voice, as everyone knows, is in the twilight zone, but her use of it here is more discreet, the artistry more compelling than any effort I have heard from her, in concert or on records, for half a dozen years. Especially applaudable is her attention to the beautiful "Bitte," "Gute Nacht," "Widmung," and "Vöglein wohin" of Franz, and the equally distinctive "Das erste Veilchen," "Der Mond," "Frühlingslied," and "Bei den Wiege" of Mendelssohn. It presupposes the healthy attitude that in some Utopian phonographic society of tomorrow the superb records Mme. Schumann has made of more conventional material will surely be available in their pristine splendor. And if she is not the one to remind us of the majestic song literature of Franz and Mendelssohn, who will? Aside from an occasional strained top tone, a scoop or two, the vocal art is amazingly disciplined, the conveyance of the poetic text in every sense inimitable. Schick's piano is thin-sounding in this reproduction, and Schumann herself is not overfavored, but the quality is much better than Allegro's average. Cannily enough, the latter songs on both sides are the best, leaving one at the end of the brief recital with mixed feelings of satisfaction and regret that there isn't more.

As an instance of Mack Harrell's artistic progress, or as a specimen of RCA's increasing skill in recording voice and piano, this "Dichterliebe" is thoroughly good. As a performance of the Schumann cycle, however, it is only the third best in existence. Aksel Schiotz's superb version on HMV is preferable for vocal quality, poetic insight, and artistic declamation, the Panzéra version formerly offered by RCA (album 386) superior in other respects than pure voice, of which Harrell has a good deal. Harrell's "Ich grolle nicht" is the most expressive of any known to me (save Lehmann's, which completes the melodic line as a baritone cannot), and there are many other felicities in his six sides—the LP has not yet reached me. However, I would be happier had RCA issued the Schiotz "Dichterliebe" and extracted from Harrell a "Winterreise" as good as this. Reeves is his admirable self at the piano, the recording excellent in every way.

If Schumann is an instance of art triumphing over vocal limitations, and Harrell an instance of the two in healthy equilibrium, Thebom's Wolf songs reveal a vocal richness not yet wholly productive of artistic dividends. "Auf einer Wanderung" is a beautiful song in the manner of "In dem Schatten meiner Locken," not currently in the catalogues otherwise, as—thanks to RCA's cut-out list—are also such typical Wolf songs as "Verschwiegene Liebe" and "Schlafendes Jesuskind." "Um Mitternacht" I prefer by Kipnis, and the "Cophtisches Lied No. 2" by Janssen. As in the instance of Harrell, this is good work for who's doing it; but not by more inclusive standards. Good technical management throughout.

Introducing J. N. Hummel

HUMMEL: *Septet, Opus 74. Franz Holletschek, piano, with Camillo Wanausek, flute, Rudolph Spurny, oboe, Franz Koch, horn, Gunther Breitenbach, viola, Nicholas Hubner, cello, and Joseph Duron, double bass.* (Westminster LP 50-18, $5.95.)

IF my experience is typical, Johann Nepomuk Hummel is a composer known to most only for a few piano works used now as "teaching" pieces, for a contemporary (1778-1837) esteem that ranked him with Beethoven, and for a surprisingly high regard expressed in the early years of this century by that astute and independent critical mind, James G. Huneker.

The informative notation by Nicolas

—*Bettmann Archive.*

"Musicological vistas open."

Slonimsky relates Hummel to both Beethoven and Brahms, but this work seems to me much more clearly descended from Schubert, especially from the "Forellen" quintet whose scampering arpeggios dominate the piano writing. Aside from any musicological vistas that it opens, the work is a fascinating example of genre writing, in which a rich sense of design, clarity of thought, and wholesomeness of invention are blended with a tone color new even today and which must have been revolutionary in the 1830's. Its mere existence puts us in the debt of Westminster for seeking it out and sponsoring it; the splendid playing of Holletschek at the piano, and his associates, as well as the brilliantly clear reproduction, make us aware once more that a good many musical histories will have to be written if the LP renaissance outlasts intercontinental war. A startlingly beautiful work, superbly played.

Smetana Revised

SMETANA: *"Aus meinem Leben." George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra.* (Columbia LP 2095, $3.85.)

WITH Szell's premise that the musical thought of this work asks something more than the four strings which Smetana utilized, I am in thorough agreement; and have been ever since Szell presented this orchestral version by himself in an early concert of his first American engagement with the NBC Orchestra a dozen years ago. However, the close second scrutiny that a recording makes possible leaves me with some doubts that Szell's orchestral elaboration is as successful as it first seemed.

So long as the clear lines of gathering force have their obvious sug-

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gestions of bass strings, a horn call, added emphasis of one sort and another everything goes well; but when more that is optional intrudes I find Szell's options rather dull and imaginative. The polka, for example, becomes rather tiresome when a bang on the tympani is resorted to every time Smetana indicated a bass accent in the cello. In the end the suggestion is of a string choir playing the original score with some interpolated brass and woodwind voices. Szell could hardly supply the missing contrapuntal voices without rewriting the whole work; which proves, I suppose, that for all its charm, warmth, and insinuating melodic originality, this quartet is not a wholly successful creation. The performance, as such, is thoroughly sympathetic; the recording clean in sound, though partial to the middle register that is stressed in Szell's transcription.

Notable Beethoven No. 1

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto in C major (No. 1). Walter Gieseking, piano, with the Philharmonia Orchestra and an unidentified conductor.* (Columbia LP 4307, $4.85.)

AS those who remember Columbia album 308 in which Gieseking, with Hans Rosbaud, vied for the phonophile's favor with Schnabel and Malcolm Sargent (RCA Victor album 158) for most of a decade, his evaluation of this work has ever been a keen, almost clairvoyant one. With only memory to rely upon, I'd say that this performance is every bit as concentrated and perhaps more clearly articulated than the old one. Certainly in the more resonant, fuller sound of higher fidelity, the crispness of the finger work, the incisive bite of the chords are impeccably controlled.

Withal there is a musical sensibility, a blending of the forceful with the fanciful which no other pianist of the day (now that Schnabel is in semi-retirement) can deliver—or, at any rate, does. The ability to make a crescendo within the piano-mezzoforte gamut or a decrescendo from a fortissimo to a forte is not learned or forgotten in a decade; and there is every indication that Gieseking is a greater master of his medium than ever. In richness of string tone and fidelity of piano sound, this is one of the best LP's I know; the unidentified conductor need not be so modest.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Elgar Redivivus

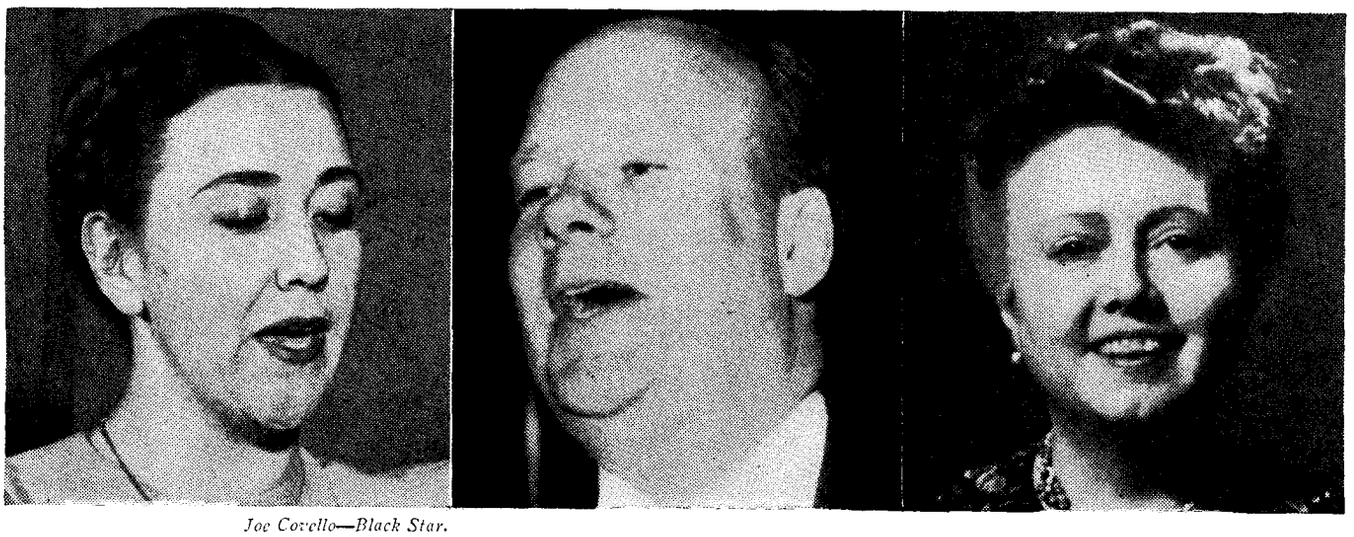
ELGAR: *Concerto for cello and orchestra. Anthony Pini with the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Eduard van Beinum.* (London LP 95, $4.95.)

THE ENGLISH are convinced that Elgar is important, though they are not sure just why. We seem convinced that he is worthless, and are eager to articulate the reasons. Thus, to us he suffers from a smug, Edwardian *zeitgeist;* his musical thought is confident to the point of bombast; he writes in an artificial, overfurnished style. Our indifference communicates itself to the concert hall, where Elgar's music is in current eclipse, and to the record companies, who studiously disregard his output (this LP waxing of the cello concerto is the first large-scale work by Elgar to be issued locally in a decade). No amount of tub thumping by Elgarians has budged this apathy. Yet a re-evaluation is within the bounds of possibility. If Trollope can find new favor at mid-twentieth century, why not Sir Edward?

London's issue of the composer's last considerable score, the cello concerto of 1919, should surely make friends and influence listeners. It is moving music, performed with fine persuasion. Elgar has been tagged with every conceivable label, one New York critic even going so far as to call him "the English Victor Herbert." If he must be described in terms of other composers, the closest, most accurate equivalent would be "the English Dvorak." Both composers combine orchestral craftsmanship of the highest order with striking and original expression of national sentiment. That both also wrote convincingly for cello and orchestra strengthens the comparison. Dvorak's concerto captures the ear immediately with its readily appealing melodies. Elgar's yields its dividends with greater reluctance—but there are more to collect. The scampering, gnome-like figure in Elgar's fascinating scherzo or the abrupt, challenging changes of mood in the finale find no echo in Dvorak's more conventional score. Those who know the British master only in his "pomp and circumstance" disposition are hereby encouraged to consult London LP 95.

Collectors of chamber music need no introduction to Anthony Pini, whose name figures on an excellent series of discs that emanated from English Columbia during the Forties. This, I believe, is his solo debut on records, and an auspicious first appearance it is—especially in view of Pini's recorded competition, which comes from no less a player than Pablo Casals. Though the veteran Spanish cellist may account for more isolated subtleties, the naturalized Briton has the advantage when it comes to projecting the full sweep of Elgarian panache. Both Van Beinum and ffrr lend estimable support. Now, when are we to have a modern recording of Elgar's masterpiece, "Falstaff"?

—ROLAND GELATT.



Joe Covello—Black Star.

Blanche Thebom, Mack Harrell, and Elisabeth Schumann—"a general benediction."

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

See page 57 for Pop Roundup

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Solo Sonatas, Nos. 1 and 2. George Enesco, violin. Continental LP 104, $4.85.	To judge from the first two works of the promised six (including the partitas as well as the three sonatas) this should be one of the choice items of the Bach year. Enesco's comprehension of these works is universally respected; the only doubt would concern his ability to articulate that knowledge. He has succeeded magnificently here, with a fervor and aliveness not matched by any intepreter of record, whether Szigeti or Schneider. In short, Enesco gives as good an answer as I have ever heard to the question of the fascination these works hold for their performers. His energetic style is excellently reproduced.
Bach: Concerto in D minor. Eugene Istomin, piano, with the Busch Chamber Players. Sonata No. 3 in C. Adolf Busch, violin. Columbia LP 4309, $4.85.	A confusing blend of two dissimilar repertories, related only by the composer's name. Istomin's fluent performance of the piano concerto will suffice for lack of a long-playing competitor; but it is not otherwise distinguished. Thanks to the microphoning of Busch's playing of the solo sonata, he is given a tonal richness which Elman and Heifetz combined might envy. The knowledge is his, of course, but the total effect is decidedly improbable.
Bach: Concerto in E. Louis Kaufman, violin, with chamber orchestra conducted by Jacques Rachmilovich. Tempo LP 2044, $4.85.	As the first appearance of this superb work on LP, this venture commands something more than the interest inherent in either the playing or recording. The work of Kaufman is typically assured and well-phrased, but with some scrambled tempi in the first movement. He traces the slow movement beautifully, but the whole is inferior to the estimable if unavailable version of Gioconda de Vito on HMV. Good solo tone, not much resonance in the ensemble. On the overside is a version of the A major concerto of Vivaldi, with Willy Ferrero conducting. The transcription is Molinari's. Tasteful execution, well reproduced.
Beethoven: Serenade in D (Opus 25). John Wummer, flute, Alexander Schneider, violin, and Milton Katims, viola. Columbia LP 2124, $3.85.	A charming work, delivered with suavity and style by the Messrs. Wummer, Schneider, and Katims. The individual coloration of the instruments is superbly preserved in the recording, also the artfulness with which Beethoven combined them. Present-day recording gives a particular definition and individuality to the playing.
Dvorak: Sonata in F, Opus 57. Peter Rybar, violin, and Franz Holletschek, piano. Westminster LP 50-15, $5.95.	Credit Westminster with another musicological triumph—a strong, lyrical work which others than Rybar and Holletschek should have known about. The splendid ensemble is reproduced with almost overpowering reality. The appended "Romantic Pieces" are more conventional Dvorak, and no less well delivered.
Haydn: Quartet in D, Opus 64, No. 5 ("Lark"). Hungarian Quartet. RCA Victor album 1377, $3.50; 45 rpm, $2.20.	A superb example of the cultivation and unity of purpose in this ensemble, in a work which challenges the best of which any group is capable. Until the LP is available, however, the preference must remain with Columbia LP 4216, on which the Budapest Quartet plays quite as well—and with no interruptions.
Lalo: "Le Roi d'Ys" overture. Dimitri Mitropolous conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Columbia LP 2123, $3.85.	One more LP which makes neither rhyme nor reason, unless you are a fanatical admirer of Mitropolous and the Minneapolis ensemble. Certainly no one who cares for the blatant drama of Lalo will respond to the bucolic fantasies of Elie Siegmeister's "Ozark Set" and its Copland derivations on the overside. The recorded sound in both instances is impressive, but the musical pleasure is hardly proportionate to the muscular power expended.
Leoncavallo: "Un tal gioco" ("Pagliacci"), etc. Giovanni Martinelli, tenor, with Giuseppe Bamboschek, piano. Continental LP 103, $4.85.	A misguided effort by Continental to give the strained, unpleasant voice of Martinelli a parity, in artistry and interest, with the recent revival of De Luca. It should be obvious to those who promote these efforts that Martinelli's singing of excerpts from "Pagliacci," "Turandot," "Manon Lescaut," etc. is deficient in precisely the respect they chose to ignore—tonal suavity, accuracy of pitch, and resemblance to the sound of this able artist at something like his prime. What we have here is callous exploitation of a name, whose possessor doesn't value it as he should. In any case, tenor arias with piano accompaniment are a step backward, phonographically.
Schubert: "Divertissement à la Hongroise," Opus 54. Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, duo-pianists. Columbia LP 2125, $3.85.	A grateful attention by a qualified partnership to one of the authentic works of the duo-pianists' repertory. I would not argue that this is the greatest Schubert, but it is good Schubert—in a Hungarian mood—beautifully valued by the performers. The recording is uncommonly like two pianos.
Schumann: "Fantasiestücke." Jacqueline Blancard, piano. London LP 210, $4.95.	Mme. Blancard is a very stylish pianist, with fine fingers and a good command of tone color, but her manner is more than a little aggressive for these thoughtful pieces. Taking all elements into consideration—material, performance, and reproduction—this is distinctly interesting Schumann, for all its excesses of power and accentuation. Splendid piano sound.
Smetana: "Wallenstein's Camp." The Vienna Symphony Orchestra conducted by Henry Swoboda. Westminster LP 50-11, $5.95.	A much more believable representation of this work than one previously circulated on the Mercury label. Splendid brass, powerful tympani, and energetic direction in one of the best of many excellent technical accomplishments to the credit of Westminster. I would not recommend it as prime Smetana in any case. On the overside, Peter Rybar is heard in the attractively melodic "Fantasy" (Opus 24) of Josef Suk. The technical qualities of both sides are high indeed.
Wieniawski: "Russian Airs," etc. Zino Francescatti, violin, with piano accompaniments by Artur Balsam and Max Lanner. Columbia LP 4310, $4.85.	Miscellaneous violinistic magic by Francescatti, with particular efficiency in Wieniawski's "Russian Airs" ("Souvenir de Moscou") and "Caprice in A minor." Paganini, Kreisler, Tartini, and Shostakovich are among the other composers invoked by Francescatti's devilish command of right and left hand dexterity. All the sound is remarkably reproduced. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings for the Young

OF INTEREST to parents, teachers, and children is the recently organized Children's Record Guild. It is concerned exclusively with the production of recordings for youngsters and promises to make a significant contribution in this important area. An outstanding feature of the recordings thus far issued is the emphasis on active listening and other forms of musical and dramatic participation. Included are singing, dancing, and other rhythmic play, impersonation, and response to sound effects.

In general the level of the recordings is well suited to the ages for which they are designated, the quality of performance very satisfactory. Accompaniments and sound effects are tasteful and relevant. Present plans are for the Guild to issue one series for children from two to four and another for those from five to eight. One record in each category will be issued monthly. They are available on subscription from the Guild or may be purchased from regular retail outlets. Each disc is priced at $1.10.

Columbia, too, is making strides in its production of material for children. With its resources of performers and high technical standards to uphold, the attention of this company to children's recordings is being watched with interest. A few recommended issues are noted below.

RIDE 'EM COWBOY (Children's Record Guild 5001, one 10" unbreakable, $1.10).

A superior recording of cowboy songs presented in such a manner that children will feel a real sense of participation. Singing is done by ensembles and soloists. "Go to Sleep, Little Dogies" is particularly effective. Other songs are "Chow Song," "Circle Q," and the title song. For five to eights.

SKITTERY SKATTERY (Children's Record Guild 1005, one 10" unbreakable, $1.10).

Three outstanding songs for young children all of which are suitable for child participation. Voices, accompaniments, and sound effects are excellent. "This Old Man" is a wonderful nonsense song with opportunities for knocking on the floor, the shoe, the knee, and so on. "The Cat and the Mouse" has places for the child to impersonate both animals. All the animals appear in the "Barnyard Song," and children will be delighted to imitate them.

THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL (Columbia set MJV-66, one 10" unbreakable, $1.19).

Dinah Shore anticipates fall, indicating that she has versatility as well as talent. This is a musical dramatization of the first day at school for children about to reach that milestone. Miss Shore sings several charming songs, with a voice well suited for children. The continuity and accompaniments are excellent. Children from four to six will receive it enthusiastically.

CHAMPION, THE HORSE NO MAN COULD RIDE (Columbia set MJV-62, two 10" unbreakable, $2.15).

Gene Autry breaks Champion in a story that will probably excite younger cowboys. Gene sings very well but much less than I would have liked.

Columbia has reissued on one ten-inch LP (JL8013) two children's classics, "Tubby the Tuba" and Burl Ives's "Animal Fair." The former was first issued in 1945 and is one of the finest children's recordings ever made. "Animal Fair" is a recent issue and Ives is at his best. Truly a superior combination and a recording to be treasured by children of all ages.

—CHARLES LEONHARD.

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

ANOTHER month of LP has gone by, yet we are but little further than we were. It is now more than ever apparent that Decca plunged into this adventure far from prepared, and I am not at all sure that the resulting confusion may not serve to undo any prestige gains that would otherwise have been the reward for such pioneering efforts. The capacity for calm and efficient organization is in any case not a typical Decca attribute, but now their overanxiety to "jump the starter's gun" (and thereby, so say EMI, to break a "gentleman's agreement" for the simultaneous launching of LP) has created conditions chaotic even by Decca's usual standards. While enthusiasm over the quality of the records mounts, potential customers cannot take advantage of LP because player-attachments are reaching the shops only in a trickle.

A typical instance of the kind of muddle that is trying the patience of dealers and public alike is the case of Decca's dual-speed player, advertised as suitable for use with the more powerful radio receivers and amplifiers. Large quantities of orders were taken by the shops prior to delivery, only to find that this player's output is totally insufficient for any commercial radio set. Thus many people will have to forego LP for another month or two while Decca produces a hastily improvised substitute model with crystal instead of magnetic cartridges. It is small wonder then that many people have decided to "sit on the fence" until EMI tell their plans, which, according to latest information,, will definitely concern 45 rpm as well as LP discs. All the reports suggest that this moment is near, October still being the favored date, but we can at least be sure that the Decca fiasco will not be repeated; a plentiful supply of instruments and discs will be ready to go into the shops, before any public announcement is made.

While many of us regard Decca's muddled improvisation more in sorrow than in anger, it is infuriating to see the chances of so excellent a product as LP-ffrr prejudiced by thoughtlessness and inadequate planning. There is great enthusiasm for LP among those who have been able to listen to it under favorable conditions, and one of our leading critics, Edward Sackville West, sums up current feeling admirably when he writes: "The best of Decca LP records seem to me to fulfil our most sanguine expectations. The silent surface, the absence of deterioration at the center of the disc, the extraordinary depth and beauty of the tone, the lightness and flexibility of the discs themselves: these are advantages indeed." But he does also raise another point which is causing much concern here, to wit the problem of the short piece vis-à-vis LP. I have listened to some strong comments about the "Operatic Recital" and about the "Concert of Light Orchestral Music"; unless this question can be solved more satisfactorily we may after all find 45 rpm gaining a firm foothold in this country.

NO further list of LP's has yet been announced (Decca expects to publish no more titles until late September) since the initial release of titles already familiar in the States, so the remainder of my space will be devoted to the latest 78-rpm releases. Really large-scale works continue to be notable by their absence, and this makes the reviewer wonder what sleepless, music-filled nights will be in store for him when EMI finally publish their first LP list. Meanwhile there are two medium-sized violin concertos, Bach's sublime work in E major, and Glazounov's rather less sublime A minor. The first features Szymon Goldberg and the Philharmonia Strings under Susskind on Parlophone labels. It is a performance I do not care for greatly. The outer movements are played at great speed and rather mechanically, while the slow movement is almost overcharged with emotion. Not so long ago HMV gave us a performance by Gioconda de Vito, which, though a trifle romantic for some tastes—not for mine, though—was far more consistent and infinitely lovelier. The Glazounov is superbly played by Milstein who, though lacking a little of Heifetz's panache, leaves nothing to be desired where technique and musicianship are concerned. The recording sounds much better on our instruments than the general run of RCA Victor products of recent years.

During the last twenty-five years scarcely another instrument has flourished in this country to the extent of the oboe. The brilliance and charm of Leon Goossens's playing (and that of some of his "disciples," notably Evelyn Rothwell) has not only inspired numerous original compositions prominently featuring the oboe by leading native composers, but has also generated a crop of "concertos" arranged from the music of various older Italian composers such as Cimarosa, Corelli, and Pergolesi. The latest victim is Domenico Scarlatti, that master of the keyboard, from whose works Gordon Bryan has selected five delectable morsels and set them for oboe and strings, calling the result a "Concerto" even if "Suite" might have been a more appropriate title. Whatever the name, though, here is an excellent vehicle for Goossens's unique gifts, and for good measure an "Aubade" by Pierné is added as a fill-up. No Oriental snake charmer ever produced more seductive noises than does Goossens from his oboe, which has been excellently recorded by Columbia.

Beecham, forsaking Sibelius, Strauss, and Delius, provides simpler delights in Méhul's Overture to "Les Deux Aveugles de Tolède." In less sensitive hands this music might sound pale and dated, but Beecham recaptures for us all the elegance and wit of a lost age, finely aided and abetted by the Royal Philharmonic and by HMV's engineers.

Two great works by Beethoven are among the latest instrumental releases and it is particularly gratifying to note that the C minor Sonata, Op. 111, unobtainable in this country since Volume One of the Society Edition was oversubscribed, is once more available. Solomon has been responsible for many fine recordings in the past, but his performance of this titanic work is the crowning achievement of his gramophonic career to date. In the rugged first movement he displays greater power than I have hitherto thought him capable of, and the utter simplicity of his playing in the "Arietta" brings out to the full the unearthly beauty of this theme and variations. The HMV recording does full justice to so outstanding a pianistic and musical achievement. I only wish I could say the same of Columbia's new F minor quartet, Op. 95, a work as rugged and unique in its way as the sonata. Unfortunately, the performance by the Schneiderhan Quartet leaves much to be desired, the second movement being rushed off its feet in a preposterous manner, and the beginning of the scherzo is scandalously unrhythmical.

The Bach celebrations have brought us some fine organ records, and I was particularly glad that HMV took Geraint Jones, a most gifted young British organist, to Germany in order to record the organ in the Martin und Nicolaikirche at Steinkirchen, a village

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not far from Hamburg. This instrument was built when Bach was four years of age and the first release in which it is heard is of the Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor. This set makes a fascinating contrast to Germani's recent version, recorded in Westminster Cathedral; there are those—products of a Wurlitzer-conditioned age—who hold that old organs are monotonous in tone, but such "monotony" is more than compensated for by the wonderful clarity the music assumes and by the beautiful quality of the instrument's tone, beside which the modern descendant sounds like a crude monster. It is interesting to note, too, that the pitch of this instrument is much as Bach knew it—somewhere between a half and a full tone higher than our present pitch. Geraint Jones's playing is exemplary and we may look forward to some more treasures from this source. The famous French organist Marcel Dupré plays the "Great" G minor Fantasia and Fugue on a modern organ, St. Mark's, North Audley Street, London, but his registration and dynamics are far more restrained than Germani's, resulting in a beautifully clear and musical performance, superbly recorded by Decca. The same instrument is also heard in Franck's "Cantabile," played by Dupré's marvelously gifted pupil Jeanne Demesseux, who can hardly be blamed if after listening to two of Bach's masterpieces the Franck piece sounds maudlin and tiresome.

RENATA TEBALDI is a name much talked about just now. Her first records (the latest 78 addition is "Ritorna vincitor") have made a deep impression, and she is shortly to be seen at Covent Garden in the part of Desdemona, with the complete La Scala company, De Sabata conducting. I hope that this performance of "Otello" will bring us a more interesting Iago than Tito Gobbi, whose new HMV record of the "Credo" is distinguished only by excellent orchestral playing (Philharmonia under James Robertson) and by splendid recording; on the reverse he gives a somewhat better account of "Urna fatale" from "Forza del Destino." Off the beaten track we have selections from Alfano's "Risurrezione" and from Cilea's "Arlesiana," impressively sung by mezzo-soprano Gianna Pederzini.

For those who like to feel nostalgic about Old Vienna—and who does not if it is the genuine article?—Erich Kunz gives two further characteristic songs in the vernacular, sung in his inimitable style. This series of ten-inch Columbia discs has given great pleasure. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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SYMPHONY NO. 64, A MAJOR*
SYMPHONY NO. 91, E FLAT MAJOR
Vienna Symphony Orchestra,
Conducted by Henry Swoboda

WL 50-24
SCHUMANN:
MÄRCHENERZÄHLUNGEN FOR PIANO* CLARINET AND VIOLA, OP. 132
Clarinet—Leopold Wlach;
Viola—Erich Weiss; Piano—Jörg Demus
MENDELSSOHN:
TWO CONCERT PIECES FOR BASSET* HORN, CLARINET & PIANO, OP. 113 & OP. 144
Clarinet—Leopold Wlach; Basset Horn—Franz Bartosek; Piano—Jörg Demus

WL 50-25
SCHUBERT:
TROUT QUINTET, A MAJOR, OP. 114
Vienna Concert House Quintet

WL 50-26
DVORAK:
STRING QUINTET, G MAJOR, OP. 77
Vienna Concert House Quintet

WL 50-27
BRAHMS:
STRING QUINTET NO. 1, F MAJOR, OP. 88
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Some Highs and Lows

MOTORS FOR THE SENSITIVE EAR

FOR EVERY arm [RECORDINGS, August] there must a motor be. If you have considered throwing over the changer and all forms of ready-made pickup-and-motor arrangements in favor of hand-picked equipment, then you must mate your choice of arm to a motor and turntable.

Why bother with a fancy motor? There are numerous dirt-cheap phono motors on the market in the five-dollar range that, at the price, are amazing performers. Most records are played on them. They are the power plants used in the good record changers—which surely indicates that the cheap motor is no less than a miracle of modern technology. Many a hi-fi outfit is equipped with a motor of this sort, built into a highly respectable changer, to the utter satisfaction of all concerned. If five dollars buys so much, why spend fifty or a hundred?

An interesting matter of hair splitting. The fact is, of course, that the cheap motor is really not up to the over-all level of quality even of a medium-priced separate-unit system—it couldn't be. Cheap motors are not uniform in production, and there are consequently some individual examples that far outshine others in the line. If you are lucky, you'll stumble upon one of these. But in the long average, two basic shortcomings are hard to by-pass. The first and greatest menace is unsteadiness of speed, which in sound terms means unsteady pitch —"wow," or several other picturesque varieties of aural torture. The second is a collection of low-pitched mechanical rumbles and vibrations from the mechanism, transmitted through the table directly to the pickup's point, and hence amplified along with the music. Both "wow" and "rumble" are more disastrous by far on LP than 78; at the slower turnings uneven speed is enormously more noticeable; and since LP records are recorded at a lower volume, the greater amplification makes rumble just that much louder and more objectionable as it comes out of the speaker.

How is it that so many cheap motors satisfy multitudes of record lovers? As to pitch, remember first that our sensitivity to pitch variation is what counts—and some of us who love music can take the most seasick of wavers without a qualm where others endure agony! Purely subjective. More objectively, however, it's well to realize that different kinds of music are vastly different in their own sensitivity to "wow." Instruments which use vibrato and are sustained and nonpercussive in tone—the voice and the violin are prototypes—can take an astonishing degree of unsteadiness in the turntable without much strain on the listener. But throw on a piano record and the agony begins. The fixed-pitch instruments, outstandingly the piano, are acutely sensitive to uneven playing speed. Indeed I've never heard a piano record yet anywhere that didn't "sound like a record," for this reason only.

As to rumble—one simple fact. Rumble occurs at a very low pitch. Perhaps 90 per cent of existing commercial machines do not reproduce any sound at that low register. Hence the trouble does not exist. But if you insist, perversely, on buying a wide-range phonograph system with massive speaker and enclosure, then every bit of rumble that your motor creates is faithfully reproduced!

JUDGE for yourself, then, what your own subjective and objective factors may be. If you want a better-than-cheap motor, you may now have one to perfection for a modest price—modest, that is, from the professional viewpoint, and in line with amplifier and fancy speaker prices. The former huge gap between the five-dollar motor and the behemoth sixteen-inch professional transcription table is now filled, and the pioneer in the field, whose products I have been sampling, is the Rek-O-Kut company. This company has two lines of twelve-inch motor and table combinations whose performance is far above the cheap motor and whose dimensions, rather than behemothal, are shall we say, merely pigmy elephantine. (They will *not* fit in your changer's present space.) The cheaper line, coyly designated LP, comes in several two speed combinations for $40 at radio supply stores; a three-speed model is $50. The fancier table, the T-12, with heavier and more precisely machined parts, gives you a true professional assembly at $80, with the same motor as the LP line. For absolute top quality—and I highly recommend it if you are able—the T-12H substitutes an utterly silent, rumble-free hysteresis synchronous motor and is yours for a mere $110! The T-12 models have two speeds only, plus an optional and very clumsy replacement wheel for 45 rpm.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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Enduring Sessions

SESSIONS: *Symphony No. 2. Mitropoulos conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony.* (Columbia LP 2120, $3.85.)

DIAMOND: *Music for Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet"*; also DELLO JOIO: *Concerto for harp and orchestra. Edward de Vito, harp, with the Little Orchestra conducted by Thomas K. Scherman.* (Columbia LP 4303, $4.85.)

PRIZE-WINNING music runs so faithful to type that any bright, skilled composer, it would almost seem, has only to follow the formula of a certain flashy, easy audience appeal to draw attention to himself. Nothing could be farther from this than the Symphony No. 2 of Roger Sessions, which, notwithstanding, has earned for itself no less impressive a pair of awards than those of the New York Music Critics Circle and the Naumburg Foundation (which is the sponsor of this recording). The experts for once, instead of playing drum major to the band wagon, have reflected honor upon themselves by giving a much needed fillip to very worthy music that on its own would have a hard battle to fight.

It is only because we have such courageous figures in power as Dimitri Mitropoulos that this work, after its California premiere under Pierre Monteux, was not immediately put on the shelf, which is usually what happens after the virtually routine gesture of a first hearing. Its performance is a major undertaking. In chamber music the responsibility of each player is necessarily far greater than where a hundred orchestral men share the burden. But Sessions ignores this practicality. He releases the whole regiment of players without confining them to the usual strict formation. Philharmonic-Symphony men, during the days of its rehearsal, were to be seen leaving the hall with the instrumental parts under the arm for home study.

From the listener's point of view this means that only the most astute can recognize, on the initial hearings, the much higher discipline and control preventing so many independent elements, out of line though they may be, from falling into chaos. But it remains a question whether all these intricacies have merely to take time before a wider public will react to them as readily as it now reacts to the one-time perplexing last quartets of Beethoven. Scrutinized from right of center, Sessions seems to stand just this side of the atonal periphery of the musical far left. Some of the same problems of perception are thus imposed. His sinuous patterns are hyperchromatic and asymmetrical, and the moods of the Schönberg orbit, hysteria and brooding in turn, are accordingly often present. What distinguishes him is his ingenious realization of the tonal implications of the renegade chromatics. He also admits overtly tonal and symmetrical passages, with the result that he can smile (which the atonalists never do), as in the charming scherzo or the main themes of the finale and many bright episodes in the opening movement.

Sessions has the forbidding reputation of being what is known as an "intellectual" composer. Intellectuality there is, to be sure, in the superb craftsmanship, but this is scarcely a vice. Otherwise, this symphony is packed more fully with genuine, unleashed emotion than anything I have heard for a long time. Perhaps its curious proportions are the fault of intellect operating at the expense of the active, living mechanism. The loud, active passages become overbearing when they are allowed to persist too long, and the soul-searching Adagio loses its impact by lingering in

(*Continued on page* 58)

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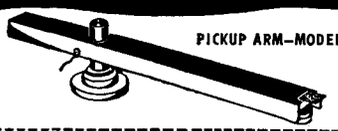

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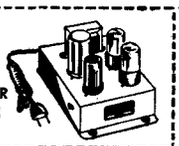

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Italian Rebels—Part II

VIVALDI: *Concerto (for violin) in B minor, arranged for piano and orchestra by Tamburini from a Bach transcription for harpsichord; Concerto Grosso in D minor, Opus 3 ("L'estro armonico"), No. 11; Mario Salerno, piano, and orchestra of the Italian Radio, Armando La Rosa Parodi and Mario Fighera, conductors.* (Cetra-Soria LP 50,023, $5.95.)

VIVALDI: *Violin Concerto in E major ("Il Riposo"). Antonio Gramegna, violin, and orchestra of the Collegium Musicum Italicum of Rome, conducted by Renato Fasano. Overture, "L'Olimpiade" (arr. Mortari). Mario Rossi conducting the orchestra of the Italian Radio;* BOCCHERINI: *Quintet in C major for strings (trans. Lauterbach); "Pastorale" from Quintet in D major, Opus 37. String orchestra, Carlo Zecchi and Fighera, conductors.* (Cetra-Soria LP 50,022, $5.95.)

CORELLI: *Concerto Grosso in D major, Opus 6, No. 1;* GEMINIANI: *Concerto Grosso in G minor, Opus 3, No. 2. Italian Radio Orchestra, conducted by Carlo Zecchi.* (Cetra-Soria LP 50,021, $5.95.)

CORELLI: *Concerto Grosso, Opus 6, No. 9;* PERGOLESI: *Sonata for trio with string orchestra;* SAMMARTINI: *Concerto Grosso, Opus 11, No. 4.* Vienna Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Moralt.* (Westminster LP 50-9, $5.95.)

VALENTINI: *Sonata No. 4 in E major for cello and continuo;* BOCCHERINI: *Sonata No. 6 in A major for cello and pianoforte. Bernard Greenhouse, cello; Anthony Makas, piano.* (Renaissance LP 11, $4.85.)

SEVERAL times in these occasional notes I have been tempted to suggest that the current resurgence of interest in the baroque Italians may be partly because theirs is music peculiarly suited to our times. That is to say, we of the West appear at this halfway point of the harried century to be given to looking wistfully over our shoulders at earlier eras that through the mists of the centuries appear to us calmer and happier ones. We are all to some extent in flight from our thoughts, and from the anguish of thinking. Thus we are perhaps ill disposed to bear cheerfully with composers, such as are some of the moderns, who ask too much of the intellect or who tear too insistently at emotions already overstimulated by the events of the day.

So (though the analogy has only partial validity) the studied complexities of be-bop and the esoteric rhythms of Latin America give place to the familiar cadences of Dixieland and good ol' mountain music; and so the stringencies of the atonalists make place for the harmonic, melodic, and structural simplicity (simplicity often sophisticated, but still simplicity) of Corelli, Vivaldi, *et al.*

Do I labor the argument? Are there other, equally valid, explanations? Perhaps. In my last report [RECORDINGS, August] and in several letters from Rome, I have suggested some: the Respighi-Molinari-Malipiero tub thumping for Vivaldi, with consequent benefit to his entire period; the smaller recording companies' need to ferret out minor, neglected works for their catalogues; the stimulus provided by this Bach centennial to reinvestigate his sources. Yet I know that I, along with many of my friends, turn gratefully nowadays to this entrancing music of the past chiefly because, like the good doctor in John Steinbeck's "Cannery Row," we find both esthetic and therapeutic values in it. At all events, it begins to appear that over here as in Italy 1950 will be Vivaldi's, as well as Bach's, year; and this is as it should be, given the German's freely confessed debt to the Italian composer.

Cetra-Soria has transferred to LP five Vivaldi items from its Italian affiliate's useful catalogue; and these, in conjunction with the Vivaldi offerings noted in August, furnish adequate evidence to discredit Burney's contemptuous dismissal of his music. The B minor violin concerto appears in some listings as "ascribed to Vivaldi, but actually anonymous." I take Cetra's unqualified attribution to be indication that the research of the Turin Library has authenticated Vivaldi's authorship. In any case, there is for me satisfactory internal proof: the final sixteen bars and the coda of the first movement are as good as an autograph. The concerto opens boldly with a fugal passage, as though to demonstrate Láng's observation that the fugue is "the chief instrumental form of the baroque," and the ensuing slow movement and presto finale are logical developments. Mario Salerno, a pianist unknown to me, plays precisely and well; while the Turin orchestra proves itself in this and in the other recordings reviewed here the extraordinarily fine instrument that European critics recognize it to be.

The eleventh of the twelve concertos in the "*estro armonico*" group is of all Vivaldi's works the most popular with recording companies. A half dozen orchestras have waxed it, and sections have been arranged for various solo instruments. While I cannot make comparisons, I find the Cetra offering entirely satisfactory. A broad, ear-pleasing largo from an unidentified violin concerto rounds out the side nicely.

In the E minor concerto note the work of the soloist, Antonio Gramegna, an authoritative exponent of Vivaldi, who for this recording deserts his first chair at Turin to appear with Renato Fasano's new orchestra. Gramegna's pure (if thin) melodic line, remindful of Adolf Busch, is well suited to baroque music. So far as I know, "L'Olimpiade" is the only one of Vivaldi's thirty-eight operas to be revived recently. This was at Siena in 1939, and Italian critics praised it effusively. But I fear Fascist nationalism, and the borning Vivaldi cult, overswayed them. While satisfactory enough for the concert stage, the overture promises the operagoer little.

A NEW group has been organized in Italy, I am informed, that, calling itself the "Boccherini Quintet," is dedicated to rescuing from forgetfulness the 113 quintets for two violins, viola, and two cellos that the first cello virtuoso composed. It is high time. For, curiously enough, none has been recorded in Boccherini's own instrumentation. Catalogues list seven waxings of the so-called Boccherini minuet, which is the *tempo di menuetto* from the quintet in E minor (Opus 13, No. 5), including arrangements for full orchestra, for four saxophones, and for harpsichord—but none in the original scoring for string quintets. Cetra now offers us the entire C major quintet and the "Pastorale" from the D major arranged for a big string orchestra (unidentified, but assuredly the *archi* of the Turin orchestra). In any arrangement, this is rewarding music; but comparison with the Guilet group's recent discs of two Boccherini quartets stirs desire for the original instrumentation.

Many Italians lament Carlo Zecchi's desertion of the pianoforte for the podium. I side with them. A brilliant concert pianist has been lost and, it seems to me, a conductor of only fair-to-middlin' attainments gained. But perhaps one concert pianist in the family is enough: Zecchi is now wed to the strikingly beautiful, and capable, Velma Vait. In any case, this

(*Continued on page* 58)

* *For some reason, Westminster has omitted citing key signatures on this disc—bad practice, in view of the chaotic manner in which the works of the baroque Italians are catalogued.*

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HITS AND MISSES

WE HAVE often wished that we bore one of those wonderfully euphonious names with which history has endowed certain personalities. Who, for instance, would not enjoy being known as Anson Phelps Stokes, or Bum McClung, or Alcide "Yellow" Nunez? Who could fail to cut a distinctive figure under the syllables Grenville Chaloner Alabaster, or Henry F. Bultitude? And what of Turk Murphy? Here it seems to us is a name of haunting power, nor is its owner merely some idle Irishman with a sentimental hankering for the Sublime Porte. Turk is a California trombonist who first came to our attention some years ago while buttressing an outfit whose own title was not exactly humdrum: Lu Watters's Yerba Buena Jazz Band. A favoring wind from the west now blows us twelve sides of Turk Murphy's own combination. This is Dixieland music on the tough, conclusive side—very rugged and enjoyable.

Operations proceed around the ironclad trumpet of Bob Scobey; there is the honest clanking of the tenor banjo, the encoilèd belch of the tuba, and the sound of Murphy's own brazen machinery suggests that he has stripped for action to nothing more than a leopard-skin breech. Furthermore, a single shipment of records has seldom contained such a fine, generally unhackneyed collection of jazz themes, including "When My Sugar Walks Down the Street," "Chimes Blues," "Papa Dip," "Trouble in Mind," "New Orleans Stomp," "All the Wrongs You've Done to Me," "Grandpa's Spells," "The Curse of an Aching Heart," "1919 Rag," "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee," and "Struttin' with Some Barbecue" (Good Time Jazz 3, 4, 7, 8, 11 and 12, 79¢ apiece). From California, also, come four sides by Darnell Howard's Footwarmers, including some of Murphy's musicians. Howard is a superb clarinetist of the limpid, ululating New Orleans school, and his own work is the feature of "Some of These Days," "Dippermouth Blues," "St. Louis Blues," and a delightfully fast, graceful "Pretty Baby" (Jazz Man 33, 34, 79¢ apiece).

We are self-confessed admirers of the purple strain of Negro jazz when it is judicious and not merely lush. In this area there has seldom been an orchestrater to compare with Don Redman. His band was one of the syncopated distinctions of the early Thirties (was it really that long ago?) and he reappears now as accompanist to Una Mae Carlisle in four sides of music which should, and probably will not, be a lesson to younger arrangers in the economy of means. Miss Carlisle is an experienced and gifted singer, but her material here is nothing to brag about—the magic, and a considerable degree of thaumaturgy it is, proceeds entirely from Professor Redman's department, where a most lyric and tactful use of the orchestra is going forward. The titles are "Strange," "Tired Hands," "Gone," and "Long" (Columbia 38864, 38881, 79¢ apiece).

In this Silver or Tin Age of the American Popular Song, yearning back so regularly toward the Golden Twenties, one of the few younger songwriters who suggest the masters is Frank Loesser. We have two pleasant contributions from him this month: a romantic ballad in which he openly avows his debt to Cole Porter, "Why Fight the Feeling?"—it is nicely sung by Richard Hayes (Mercury 5456, 79¢); and a jaunty little delicacy "The Tunnel of Love," done with real brio by Dinah Shore and Jack Smith (Columbia 38893, 79¢). Some of the handicaps against which modern songwriters work are suggested by the treatment recently accorded Leadbelly's favorite tune, "Goodnight Irene," now under widespread revival. Here is one of those melodies of such plaintive, simple appeal that they go down the years with musical sophisticates and the great public alike. They are perfectly adapted to presentation by a single sensitive voice and, say, a guitar—as Leadbelly used to function. But in our versions by the Alexander Brothers (Mercury 5448, 79¢) and Frank Sinatra (Columbia 38892, 79¢) someone has apparently decided that the lovely tune as sung by these talented voices would not add up to music; there must also be huge choruses with, in each case, a number of loud top sopranos whose role in bidding Irene goodnight does not seem at all clear to us. The effect is ambivalent, not to say unpleasant, from the start.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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A Mozart Miscellany

Symphony No. 18 (*K.* 130); *Symphony No.* 30 (*K.* 202). *Henry Swoboda conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra.* (Westminister LP 50-12, $5.95.)

Symphony No. 23 (*K.* 181); *"Concertone" (K.* 190) *for two violins and orchestra. As above.* (Westminister LP 50-13, $5.95.)

Symphony No. 33 (*K.* 319). *Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony.* (RCA Victor album 1369, $4.75; 45 rpm, $3.35.)

Symphony No. 35 (*K.* 385, *"Haffner"*). *Eduard van Beinum conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra;* also HANDEL: *"Water Music." The same.* (London LP 214. $5.85.)

Symphony No. 37 (*K.* 444); also MICHAEL HAYDN: *"Turkish Suite" ("Zaira"). Swoboda conducting the Vienna Symphony.* (Westminister LP 50-16, $5.95.)

Symphony No. 39 (*K.* 543). *Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor album 1379, $4.75; 45 rpm, $3.35.)

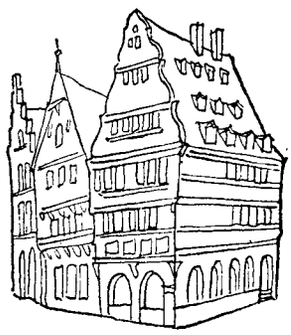
Serenade No. 9 (*K.* 320, *"Posthorn"*). *Jonathan Sternberg conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra.* (Haydn Society LP 1012, $5.95.)

Serenade No. 3 (*K.* 185). *Chamber ensemble conducted by Fernand Oubradous. Quintet in E flat (K.* 452). *Yvette Grimaud, piano, with wind ensemble.* (Mercury LP 10031, $4.85.)

Quintet in E flat (*K.* 452). *Roland Raupenstrauch, piano, with wind ensemble; Quintet for Strings in E flat* (*K.* 614). *Vienna Konzerthaus Quintet.* (Westminister LP 50-7, $5.95.)

HAVING submitted the above information to the phonophile my inclination is to add "!" and say nothing more. However, it has been my pleasant (for the most part) privilege to hear the dozen or so works, and not the phonophile's; wherefore some comment may be appended. Of special interest is the attention of Westminister to Nos. 30 and 37, thus completing the catalogue of mature Mozart symphonies—Nos. 25 to 41—on records. No. 30, a bright energetic work of his eighteenth year, may have been recorded sometime previously, but No. 37 (almost wholly a work of Michael Haydn) has not previously been available in any form. And with Nos. 18 and 23 on record, one may look forward to the time—a thought one would have never dared to express prior to LP and magnetic tape—when all the Mozart symphonies will be readily available to hear as well as to read in the printed score.

Though there is a span of only two years between Nos. 18 and 30, one can observe an amazing transformation in



—From "Dedication."

the composer's address to the orchestral ensemble, his concept of texture and development. No. 18 suggests a quartet nucleus, with the horns and other nonstring instruments as blobs of color rather than integral parts of the texture. In No. 30 the exposition of thought is considerably more subtle, though the thought itself is rather routine for Mozart. Between them is No. 23, in the Italian style of connected sections, in something like the fussy style which Mozart later satirized in the "Musikalischer Spass."

It is likely that this latter symphony will find itself into most collections more as the overside of the remarkably beautiful "Concertone" — will somebody explain the linguistic oddity?—than for its own sake. The two violins foreshadow the later use by Mozart of the violin and viola in the Sinfonia Concertante (K. 364). An oboe is also prominently used, and from time to time a solo cello. In all, this is the richest, most expressive in this group of unfamiliar works, and splendidly played. Mozart's extended introduction to complete Michael Haydn's G major symphony of May 1783 is a more interesting curtain-raiser than the elaborate but characterless work that follows.

In a scientific sense it is a good "control" to consider with these enticing oddities the simultaneous release of two new versions of more familiar and far greater works by Mozart: the joyous "Haffner" and the powerful E flat, No. 39. Van Beinum as a Mozartian is a new role for him, and to judge from this performance a becoming one. The *esprit* of Beecham is not present, nor the sculptural phrasing of Toscanini; but I prefer his sturdy, well-phrased, and beautifully articulated statement to the current alternative by Reiner. Wonderfully rich sound throughout, and also in the overside "Water Music," which has more lift and buoyancy than the Ormandy LP. Koussevitzky's E flat is a photographic likeness of the Mozart he has been giving at Tanglewood the last few summers: meticulously polished in orchestral detail, but marred by idiosyncrasies of pace and phrasing. To these well-known vagaries he has now added finicky gradations of dynamics that further devitalize a work as forthright and self-explanatory as any I know. Some of the execution is remarkable (especially the unison bass and cello passages in the slow movement) but the result is not in any real sense Mozart. The No. 33 offers a lesser challenge, better met by Koussevitzky. My preference for the Karajan, however, remains.

One wonders sometimes what Mozart or such other prolific composers as Beethoven and Schubert would think of learned discussion of works which came from their quills in a given week, were played, and forgotten by the next week. Such a one, it seems to me, is the "Posthorn Serenade," which has its transitory interest and little more. Perhaps were Sternberg as skilful a stylist as Oubradous his venture would have the added value of such cultivated execution as is heard from the French players in the hardly greater "Serenade No. 3."

THE duplicated E flat quintet (K. 452) is another instance of differing viewpoints between Parisian and Viennese wind playing mentioned in a discussion of Beethoven (RECORDINGS, July). Those differences are compounded here by infinitely superior reproduction of the Viennese playing, in which the horn sounds like a horn and not a muffled trumpet, as it does on the Mercury disc. The rub, however, is that French players, and particularly Yvette Grimaud at the piano, have a much more creative feeling for the music. In the language of the United Nations, I abstain from voting in this matter. However, I am not so neutrally minded about the E flat quintet, the last of Mozart's great works in this mode to be recorded. The Konzerthaus Quintet is below the standard of performance desirable, especially by the leader, whose articulation is often murky. The musical intent of the players is plain, but when the writing becomes complex or swift-moving the sounds are too often only approximate.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Pop Roundup

RCA VICTOR'S effort to rekindle interest in dance bands through its Here Come the Dance Bands Again Series is apparently gaining momentum. The company is making a real contribution to the pop-music field by presenting many bands in a carefully selected program of tunes by the leading songwriters of the past and present. All sides are danceable, with about half strictly instrumental. In each sequence the band has been provided with superior arrangements and ideal recording conditions.

No. 18 in the series is, to these ears, the most attractive of them all. It's HUGO WINTERHALTER PLAYS ISHAM JONES (RCA Victor album P-296). Jones, the sometime bandleader, is no Kern, Porter, or Gershwin—all of whom are well represented in other albums in the same series—but Winterhalter's arrangements and interpretations have enhanced some not-too-remarkable songs with the richness of his own imagination and impeccable taste. The former T. Dorsey, Monroe, and Eckstine arranger (now a member of RCA Victor's recording staff) utilizes the most subtle of wind and brass combinations and breathy, muted string passages. For vocal choruses he usually prefers a hushed mixed choir, though he also has a superior soloist in young Peter Hanley. Hanley and the chorus are heard on "You've Got Me Cryin' Again" and "No Greater Love." The chorus is featured on "I'll See You in My Dreams," which will probably become a popular disc-jockey theme within a few months. Other titles are "On the Alamo," "Why Can't This Night Go on Forever," and "It Had To Be You," all instrumentals.

RCA Victor has given us additional reason for congratulations this month in a stunning vocal collection, TONY MARTIN'S DREAM GIRLS (album P-287). This Byronic pop singer oozes showmanship with each turned phrase. His big tenor-baritone never relinquishes its quality of intimacy, and his portamentos are neatly turned. The sides we like best are "Laura" and "Diane." "Dolores," interpreted with a lighter touch, is especially delightful. But there's nothing wrong with "Sweet Sue," "Ramona," and "Rosalie."

Vocalists' Fan Fare

Mindy Carson revives the lovely Ray Noble tune THE TOUCH OF YOUR LIPS (RCA 20-3878; 47-3878) . . . An infectious rhythm novelty that's certain to sweep the country is CINCINNATI DANCING PIG, best interpreted by Vic Damone (Mercury 5477, 78 and 45) . . . Anyone who's "gone" on Vaughn Monroe will leap for joy over his Whiffenpoofish THE BEER THAT I LEFT ON THE BAR and the "Let's Dance" picture tune, WHY FIGHT THE FEELING? (RCA 20-3880; 47-3880). The "Sunshine Girl," Evelyn Knight, offers an almost too-happy ALL DRESSED UP TO SMILE and a charming, folkish CHERRY STONES on Decca 27103 . . . A take-off on the overly hep jazzters is provided by Peggy Lee in a swingin' rendition of SHOW ME THE WAY TO GET OUT OF THIS WORLD (BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE EVERYTHING IS) (Capitol 1105, 78 and 45).

Dance Discs

Les Brown plays a clean-cut, tasty instrumental DRIFTING AND DREAMING, backed by a medium-jump version of Gershwin's A FOGGY DAY (Columbia 38878). . . . Count Basie's little all-star jazz crew offers plenty of dancer-listener interest with BLUEBEARD BLUES and THE GOLDEN BULLET (Columbia 38888). . . . Jerry Gray essays two excerpts from "Summer Stock," a ballad, YOU WONDERFUL YOU, and a rhythm tune, DID-DIG-DIG FOR YOUR DINNER (Decca 27122).

Rumba Report

Perez Prado, "The Mambo King," has emerged as RCA Victor's biggest selling Latin name since Cugat left the label for Columbia about ten years ago. His original version of his own MAMBO JAMBO (RCA 20-3782; 47-3782, originally listed in the Latin specialty series as "Que Rico el Mambo") has been shifted to the more widely distributed pop label. Now we also have his MORE MAMBO JAMBO (RCA 20-3873; 47-3873), which is almost as exciting. The other side is a brilliant rumba treatment of "Chattanoogie Shoe Shine Boy," labeled MAMBO DE CHATTANOOGA. Prado records in Mexico, where the best trumpet players are available to execute his screaming passages. The crisp beat is produced by a battery of imported Cubans, with brilliant full-range recording to give the slaps and chicks a sharp edge. A late example, so far available only on the Latin series label, is NI HABLAL and PIANOLO (RCA 23-5204; 51-5204). The latter features some inventive trumpet soloing and a wild bongo drum. Both are mambos, of course. His combination of sophisticated modern scoring, primitive rhythms, and uninhibited projection has made Prado a special favorite with the "progressive" jazz addicts. Primarily, though, this is dance music—and there's not much around today that can surpass it.

Decca has launched a campaign in the Latin field with a flock of danceable releases keynoted by the tasteful pianistics of Noro Morales. He's drawn on American and European pop tunes in an effort to please both the Latin and Yankee rhumba markets. The evidence would seem to indicate he's on the right track, for his first sides are as listenable as they are danceable. One small-band coupling consists of LA VIE EN ROSE and QUERIDA MIA (Decca 21313). The latter is also known as "I'll Always Love You," from the film "My Friend Irma Goes West." Both are boleros, or moderately slow rumbas. Both are sung in sanguine fashion by Vicentico Valdes. Noro is also playing around with the mambo. On two additional Decca sides he employs a brace of trumpets along with his own heavily-featured piano and the usual rhythm. The titles are SOLAMENTE LOS DOS and POQUITO A POCO, both bolero-mambos (Decca 21310).

—BILL SIMON.

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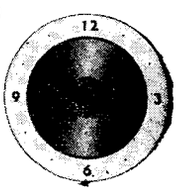

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ITALIAN REBELS

(*Continued from page 54*)

concerto of "the noble Corelli"—first of the twelve comprising Opus 6, his masterwork—would be worth buying had a lesser hand beat time for it. The lovely passages for the concertino of two violins and cello are alone worth the price of admission.

The Corelli concerto of the Westminster disc, No. 9 of Opus 6, is the sixth to be recorded, giving Corelli enthusiasts some reason to hope that the full dozen may shortly be available. Here Corelli is in jovial mood, with dance movements following the slow introduction in gay profusion. Of Giovanni Sammartini's reputed two thousand compositions, only one entire and bits of two others have been recorded. Edward Tatnall Canby rightfully remarks in his excellent program notes that this graceful concerto, remindful of Haydn, is baroque music at its most typical. Of the Pergolesi, suffice it to say that, while lacking in structural unity, its melodic inventiveness confirms the "fresh genius" of the author of the "Orfeo," "La Serva Padrona," and the "Stabat Mater." Since Mozart, the Viennese have had a flair for Italian music, and Moralt and the Vienna do well by all three.

The cello is an ungainly instrument, and he who aspires to virtuosity on it faces terrifying technical problems. So there have been few who, in Voltaire's phrase, contrived to make a nightingale of this ox. In this century, you can count them on your fingers: Casals, Feuermann, Piatigorsky, Mainardi, one or two others. Bernard Greenhouse promises to join the select company. A pupil of Casals, whom the master has endorsed and who appeared at Prades in 1949, the young Navy veteran is a member of NBC's "Bach Aria Group" and has recorded with small instrumental groups. But the Renaissance LP marks his first solo appearance on records. He plays with precision and dexterity in the stoutly constructed sonata from Giuseppe Valentini, another baroque composer recorded for the first time; and after a shaky start he also does well with the Boccherini—which, by the way, Casals recorded for HMV.

—JOHN P. MCKNIGHT.

ENDURING SESSIONS

(*Continued from page 53*)

the same vein. It is as if Sessions, so careful as to detail, has not sufficiently experienced his symphony as something breathing, something existing in time.

But the work has more than enough in it for us to live with it happily for a long time, and who knows but what with further acquaintance the problems of proportion may resolve themselves? It is precisely its capacity to endure that makes it more welcome than another new Columbia LP with music by two of our most accomplished younger Americans. David Diamond has written works of more organic aims than his Music for Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," his excellent Rounds for Strings offering a more complete musical experience to both the general public and connoisseurs. But rarely has he ever driven home more directly the warm, tender, sensuous feelings of which he has often shown himself capable. If only these feelings were set in greater relief so that we would not, well before the work is ended, feel that their quality has been sufficiently communicated. So much slow, tragic music in the "Death of Romeo and Juliet" is a bit hard to take when we have had a fair share of it already in Part III—however much the dramatic sequence may exact this.

Without underestimating the quality of this score, I should like to suggest that Diamond, who soon after it was completed made his first professional visit to Hollywood, may already have been anticipating, perhaps even unconsciously, a style appropriate there without stooping to the usual vulgarity and shameless derivations. There is room for more than Aaron Copland to keep musical standards high in our movie mecca. And Diamond in this somewhat pictorial score affirms that he is eminently capable of the assignment. His gift for dramatic music of a kind suitable to cinema is very high indeed, which is not to deny his gifts in other media as well.

Norman Dello Joio's Concerto for harp and orchestra, on the reverse side of this LP, is a thoroughly amiable work, and if we need a harp concerto for the repertory very badly indeed this may as well be it. I prefer Dello Joio in this sweetly flowing vein, where he can, without falling into overstatement, give his high degree of musicianship and skill free play. If there is not much musical matter in it that is particularly arresting, it may be said for it that according to one theory a concerto is merely a divertimento to allow a soloist to show his facility. The harpist, Edward Vito, receives ample opportunity to do so from Dello Joio's fine handling of the instrument.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Correction, Please

SIR: I have been a collector for many years and know pretty well what has been issued for the phonograph. I will say that I *believe* I saw a twelve-inch Red Seal one-sided record of Heifetz playing the last movement of the Mendelssohn concerto, acoustical recording, in a record shop somewhere many years ago.

ELDIN BURTON.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reader Burton's comment concerns the statement made in connection with the Heifetz-Beecham Mendelssohn concerto that this was the first version of the familiar work by the celebrated virtuoso. The writer had in mind, of course, a full-length treatment of the music with orchestral accompaniment; but we welcome the reminder that Heifetz recorded the finale in the early Twenties.*

Concerning Davis

SIR: In your review re Ellabelle Davis [RECORDINGS, August] I find the phrase "a blend of vocal quality and emotional fervor not heard from a native soprano since the fabled Ponselle." From the modifier "native" I infer that some non-native soprano has approached the, I think, incomparable Rosa. If that is true, please publish the name of subject soprano so that I may rush out and buy her recordings . . . Should this message come to the attention of any other Rosa fans, they may be interested to know that her voice today is still peerless. I heard her at Villa Pace in April and it was the greatest musical thrill of my life. . . An unanswered prayer is that Victor or Columbia put those experiences on wax for future generations.

JAMES M. ALFONTE.

West Point, N. Y.

SIR: I believe you to be mistaken in your remark that Ellabelle Davis has had no opportunity to work in opera in this country. I distinctly recall that she sang with the City Center Opera Company some three years ago, and perhaps since.

GERALD R. WALKER.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Victoria de los Angeles, Margherita Carosio, Gina Cigna, Maria Caniglia, Joan Hammond, even Albanese and Sayao are some of those non-native sopranos who have sung more than moderately well since the fabled Rosa. However, the persistent rumors that Ponselle is still a great singer certainly whet the appetite. How about it, RCA? In reference to Reader Walker's observation, a City Center source confirms our impression: it is Camilla Williams he recalls, not Davis.*

Kirsten Pro and Con

SIR: If Dorothy Kirsten's versatility is such that she can sing popular tunes as well as arias, I see no reason why she shouldn't make a myriad recordings in both veins. Doesn't her ability to put over the lighter stuff idiomatically attest her mastery of the "popular vocalist's peculiar art"? . . . I don't think her Gershwin discs are trivial, but rather that they demonstrate an extension of her God-given talents. I doubt very seriously that Miss Steber, in particular, can boast the versatility, smooth control, and warmness with which Miss Kirsten delivers every type of melody in a remarkable repertoire.

EDWARD F. JOST.

St. Louis, Mo.

SIR: I read with interest IMPRESSIONS in the August RECORDINGS. You have said very neatly something which Miss Kirsten ought to hear.

RUTH TRIPP.

Providence, R. I.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reader Jost has misread my concern. Far from doubting that Miss Kirsten can sing popular tunes as well as arias, I am concerned how long it will be that she sings arias as well as popular tunes. As for the comparison with Steber, I am all for letting Columbia—who now has both of them—put them out together ("Dorothy and Eleanor, Your Happiness Girls") in an Andrews' Sisters repertory.*

From Down Under

SIR: As an enthusiastic reader of the *SRL*, I particularly take note each month of the RECORDINGS review and greatly envy the American public able to buy all the records that are reviewed. Over here we are eager to hear albums of Broadway shows like "South Pacific" and "Kiss Me, Kate" as well as the spate of new discs by Toscanini. As all English records are available in Australia as well as the large selection from the Australian catalogue, surely someone would be willing to swap American records for English or Australian.

PETER R. LEWIS.

Sydney, Australia.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The editor will be glad to supply Mr. Lewis's address to anyone who wishes to arrange the kind of exchange he suggests.*

Where is Husch?

SIR: I am interested in learning the whereabouts of Gerhard Hüsch, who sang with the Berlin State Opera prior to the recent war. . . . Is there a reader who has up-to-date information about his whereabouts, whether or not he is still singing, etc.?

DEAN A. PETERS.

Portland, Ore.

Once More, ffrr

SIR: What's "ffrr," please? I've been a hi-fi fan for fifteen years or longer, but I was tardy in embracing LP—so I've neglected to keep abreast of current developments . . . Now that I've revived interest I find this one new term—ffrr—baffling.

FRANCIS A. HARPER.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For Mr. Harper and others who might have come in late: in the beginning there was ffrr—LP came later, much later. It was in* 1946 *that the first English Decca (now London) discs appeared in the American market with this trade-mark abbreviation for "full frequency range recording" (ffrr). It has come to be quite generally applied to all records of extended frequency range, though London continues to improve on its own product from month to month, thus being the standard bearer.*

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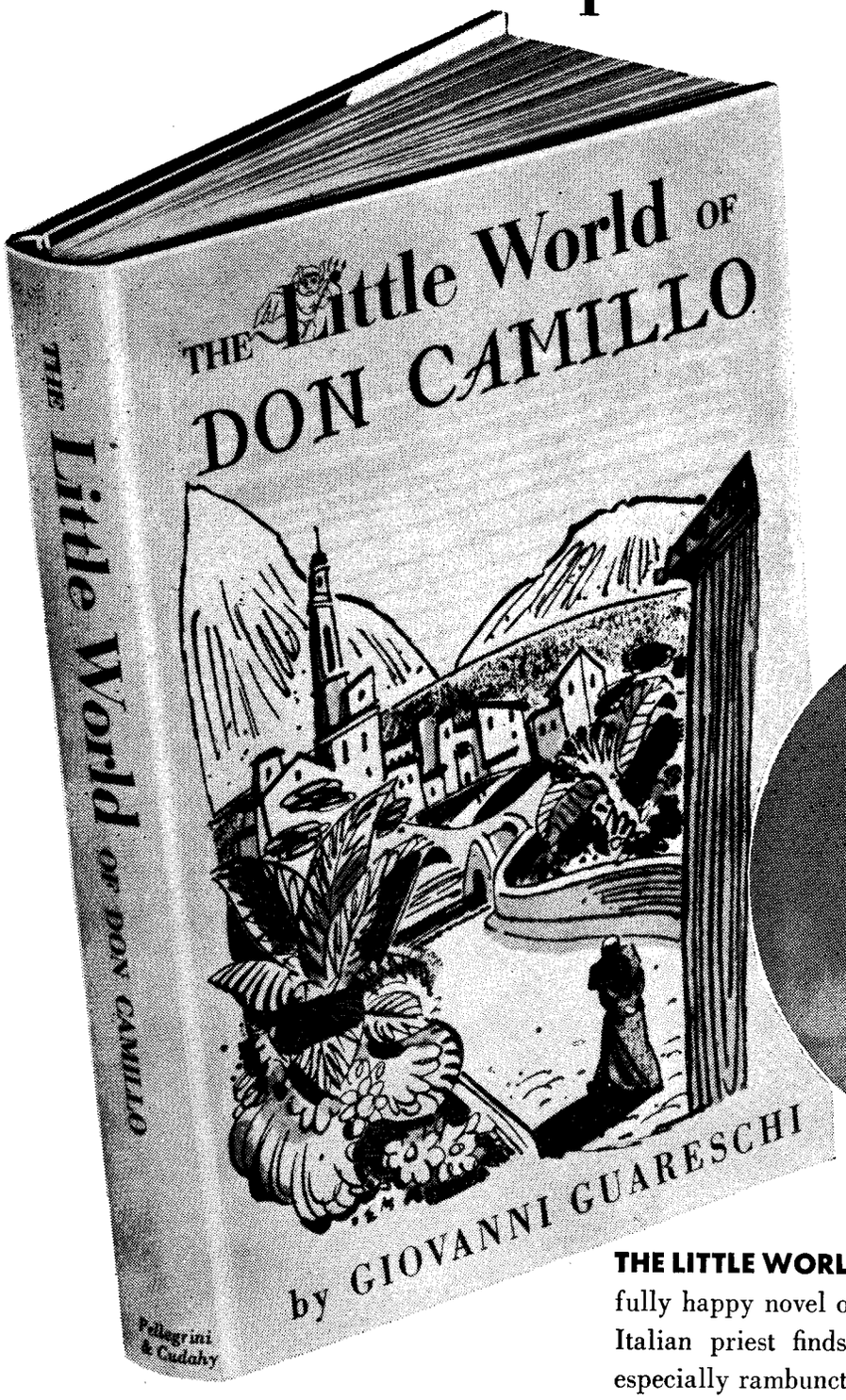

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